



Mathew Stevenson
The printers proffit not my pride
hath this Idea finify'd.
For he pusht out the marrie pay
and Mr Gaywood made it gay.



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Occasions Offer'd
OR
POEMS
UPON
Severall Occasions.

By *Mathew Stevenson.*

Mart. *Dic mihi quid melius dissimiles,*



L O N D O N .

Printed for *Nathaniel Ekins* at the Gun
Saint Pauls Church Yard. 1634.

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To my best Friend and
courteous Cosen Mr. Ben-
jamin Cook all good wishes.

SIR,

POur candid Interpretations of these conceits severally, hath animated mee to a gleaning rhem up together; and betrai'd you to a Dedication, they say, *Quæ præsunt singula, multa juvent.* Nor is it usuall for men of my condition, in this nature, to repend the good nature of their munificent friends.

The Epistle Dedicatory.

However, did my starres promise mee any other requisite, This trifling barke (ballanced with scarce any thing but sand and stones) should to the fortune of the doubtfull waves without a Palinure: in hope, either the shores would protect the shallow, or the deep drown it, out of sight, and time, out of minde. I confess I can look upon it, no otherwise then a degree of impudence, to obtide that upon your patronage which I my selfe have scarce confidence to owne : Nevertheless, deigne it your accept, since, though you finde in it (probably) nothing good, you may yet assure

John:

s A

your

The Epistle Dedicatory.

your self of the good will , and
good intents of him, that resolves
to leave nothing unattempted,
might any wayes render him

Sir,

Your most gratefull servant,

M. STEVENSON.

A 3 Reader,

READERI.

I
Hite here drawn up, a Poetick party of Pegasean pufries in the new Artillary ground of this book, which as they now stand in close order, under the couloirs, and command of the Book-binder: seems no leſſe unanimous, then uniforme; but upon a little examination, you shall finde them Pro and con, round and royll, and like the Cadmean Upstarts sheathing their weapons in each others entrails. Many of them I must tell you are Amazonian Archers fighting under the banner of their winged Generall; Others under the careleſſe flaggs of fancy for the merry halfe Crownes: Aequa Venus Teucris, Pallas iniqvia fuit. Others are at their guard, and wall in themselves with the stones of their obdurate hearts, of whom the Poet saies. Et dicam silices pectus habere. If you chance (as I can not hope but you will)

Eischer

either in mine or the Printers oversight,
meet some lame scoulders, I hope they shall
likewise meet your charity. For the times,
being like them selves humcursome, they
seeme to promise me some approue; provi-
ded the Proverb hold true, Like to like.
But what need I feare to mount that brain
sick stage, where even lyes and Libells, un-
der the new fangled notion of news, passe
as currant as our coine, for my part,
I am not so in love with my owne sca-
thers, as to think them worthy a terse eare,
or an ingenious eye: Nor doe I yet so ab-
dicate my owne ability, but that I judge
my fauour, as much above your contempt,
as beneath your envy.

To

oT

To the Author my very
loving Cof. Mr. Stevenson.

Of I confess, and thou knowst I am one
That never yet had tuft of Helicon.
Yet those loose ares that I did lately glean
From the full Harvest of thy fruitfull pen,
I here returne thee; knowing the so kinde
Thou wilt my love: and not my language
minde.

Trust mee Cof. this course paper I designe.
Not as a grace, but soyle to set off thine.
For I am certaine theres no eare so terse
But will be ravish'd with thy smoother verse.
But hold; I must aby just applaunce refraine
For that, Part of my bloud runn's in thy
veyne.

Yet they will pardon this poore God a mercie,
That note how many Poems point at

R. C.

To the inimitable Poet, My
honourd friend,

The A U T H O R.

But must I pen thy prayse my nble friend
That were a task would never have an
end.

Ide have thy golden Poems writ in Gold
Thy names great title in fames list enrold.
Virgill no more shall Prince of Poets be
But then; Hee's but a petty Prince to thee.
Ile to the grove where freshest Laureats grow
And plac a wreath my self to crown thy brow.

H. A.

To my Ingenious friend, the
A U T H O R,

And must I addē my mite Deare Steven-
son,
I know thou wilt accept it, well? tis done.
Faith I can't tell while I thy lines read ore
Whether I love thee! Or admire she more.

Thy

T_ub_y books not fraught with tales of Robin
hood,

B_ut lofty fancy, By the Lord tis good:

T_ub_y sweet-lippit Muse, most ample test doth
give,

O_f high events, and I say let her Live.

N. B.

To my most esteemed friend,
The A V T H O R.

Tell me no more of Withers wilde abses
T_ub_y book a thousand times more w_or_produc_{es}.

Withers shall wither, whilst thy bayes are set
Like Daphnes Chapplets of immortall green;

F. B.

To his very good friend
The A V T H O R.

I Have perus'd thy book in which I finde
The perfect portrait of thy noble minde.

I must confess I once was one of those
Did both suspect thy poesie, and prose.
But having read thee too, as well as it
I am thy witness, t'was thine owne pure witt.
And therefore shall even for thy sake alone
Conclud, Minerva weares a colour'd gowne.

R. D.

In Honorem Authoris.

Not that I think that thy Aonian wine
Hath any need of this poore bush of mine.
But that in some small measure yet I might
Express the love I owe thee, I must writ
And prayse thy fluent fancy that attaines
To that with ease, which others can't with pains
Many of these thy Poems did I see
Drop from thy ready pen Ex tempore.
And fitly cal'd Occasions of spring waft
For the to w^t of time flew not more fast:
Did the conceit come even twixt Cup and Lip.
It was thine owne occasion could not slip
Whence I me convinc'd that poetr's a spirit,
Which except heaven infuse none can inherit.

Thine yea thine

T: H.

sniff no sniff

三



Occasions Off-spring.

O R,

P O E M S,

Upon severall Occasions.

To Her that loves me.



Way with sond Hyperbolies,
Subliming dust to Deities.
I purpose but to say y'are faire,
As Envie must confess you are:
If you were not; you should not h're
My praise, should knees couch your
(desire,

But you are so, which to deny
Can be no less then Heresie.
Doubtless the Queen of beauty was,
But like your selfe some peerless Lass.
Till by her Cyprian Zelots she
Counted the stile of deitie.
Had you liv'd then, I really do
resume y'had been a Goddess too.

B.

For in your features men may see
The God of Loves artillary.
Your curling Tressè, is all the bow
The wanton wars with, here below.
His fire-locks too, the world espy,
Presented in your sparkling eye:
Your fame's his Trumpet, and men seek
His banner in your bashfull cheek.
Your pearly rows at every smile,
Like Cadmus Troops stand ranck and file.
It then so fair a front appear,
Doubt not, there's somewhat in the rear:
But tis not fit we further look,
Since Nature's pleas'd to shut the book:
Howere I hope I sha'nt displease her,
To guess what I see not hid treasure.

Nil non laudabile vidi.

To my Coy Charola.

I.

YOU cannot love; for shame
Come blush your self into a penitent shame:
Does the choice flowre resist
Because the fairest? no, enjoy't that liss:
Or the eye-taking fruit,
Plead not yet ripe? away, there needs no
Why women are as truly ours, (suit.
To be enjoy'd as fruit, or flowres.
But tis our fault
That we exhalte
Them so, that they rebell against our powres
Come

2.

Come, come, yet I affect yee, (yee
 If you can't love again ; Let me direct
 'Tmay be 'cause you are fair,
 And levigable as the downy aire;
 You stand upon't, you will not yeeld,
 But Phoenix-like your self will build.
 Do so, and then
 Repent agen ; (fair field.
 When Autumnne hath posses'd your own

3.

But oh behold I woo
 VVho should command, I beg and
 My Charola admires, (glad on't too.
 Since she is Ice, I so complain of fires.
 Had she a flaming Dart, (cold heart.
 She would improv't to warm her own
 Ah me, does not Dame nature stint
 Her flame-begetting sparks to flint?
 Pray do but feel
 The stonc-cold steel;
 And if you can say there's no fire within't,

4.

But ah my vaine complaint !
 My Obsquies attend a scornfull Saint.
 Water by dropping oft
 Is wont to make the hardest marble soft:
 But my moist eys procure,
 No gentenes, but rather make obdute.
 But I have done my do, for I
 Find all things meete in misery.

And to survive
In vain I strive;
Since I have seen an Angel, I must dye.

3.

How dye? why so, did not
The Queen of Beauty on Adonis dote?
And Paris confident eyes,
Survey the features of three Deities?
Ah but far more divine,
Is my fair Saint then Paris triviall Trine;
Whom while I court, my hopes but rare
A fancy'd Castle in the Aire.
Not unlike those
That do suppose
Their wish effected in a falling Star.

*Credo quidem nec vana fides genus esse
dearum.*

*Love-sick Lucilla to her unkinde
shepheard.*

And must I dye? and must I dye for love?
For love, that makes me like the Gods above?
If I must dye, what need these flames? belike
You'll execute me as an Heretique
But Momus teach me a new A. B. C.
If firm, and faithfull love be heresie:
If death must be the doom of love; pray what
Shall be the sentence of novercall hate?
If zealous love merit a mortall curse,
True hate, a cold devotion merits worse.

Yet how unjust is this? stories relate
 Many that dy'd for love, but none for hate.
 Is there no Heir that may my greifs remove,
 No Antidote 'gainst this hot poysion Love?
 Pitty yee Gods, pitty my youth, and beauty,
 See how each Organ buckles to his duty.
 Cannot my prayers; cannot my tears prevail
 What, shall n y sighs, my sobs, my groans all fail?
 Where is the Sisters thrift that goes about
 To cut my Thread ere it be half drawn out?
 Let me but see the twylight of my age,
 And then persue the utmost of your rage:
 Why was *Lucina* present at my birth,
 Whilst the propitious Gods promis'd me mirth?
 Why came gl'ad *Hymen* with his Tapour light
 To mock me with the hopes of nuptiall night?
 And why was *Venus* then ascendent; why
 Did all the Graces grace me since I dye?
 But while I thus in vain urge my complaint,
 I loose my breath, Ah-me I faint, I faint.

Dificiam parvus temporis adde moram,

To Abstemia.

I.

I Never was in love,
 Nor will be for my gare,
 I never felt the Archer move;
 Alas he has no dart
 Or else no eyes to hit my heart.

2.

And yet doth love I vow,
In this my bosome reign;
Put I protest 'tis not with you;
Pardon me, Sir, I tell you plain,
Tis with Diana's Maiden train.

3.

And though I lend an eare
When you present your Ditty,
Presume not I affect your geare,
Or you, that would seem witty;
Good faith tis not in love, but pity.

4.

Once then poor flatterers,
I am, and will be free:
Like those Celestiall Choristers,
I'll hugg my liberty;
Tis that, and only that please me.

Phyllis Funerall.

Come now my Lambs your selves address
Unto your dying Shepheardess.
Your appetites awhile adjourn,
And pay your duty to thy Urne.
In life my flock I follow'd thee,
In death I prethee follow me.
Come therefore twenty Lambs in black,
white twice twenty at their back.

Twelve sable Ewes like Widows poore
 Shall as my mourners go before
 Six Weathers shall my bearours be
 Arraid in *Negro's Liverie*,
 As dark as night, and six againe,
 As white as wooll support my train:
 With silver tipps let every horne.
 Our sad and solemne state adorne,
 Crescent as Phæbes, let each frunt,
 VVear a fresh Cypress wreath upon't
 Let no rude russet here be seen,
 Nor bloody redd; But flourishing green,
 Lamb black, and purest white, These three,
 Summe up my perfect Elegie,
 The black(my Lambs) doth signifie
 My losse of life: your losse of mee.
 The white does unto you relate
 My innocence: and Virgin state,
 The green does to the world proclaime
 My life in my immortall fame.
 Now let mee shew yee my intent
 In my last Will and Testament.

First I this better part of mine
 To the Elizian shades resignie
 And whence I had it, I bequeath
 To the next aire my borrow'd breath
 Fire shall again have what it lent,
 And water to her Element,
 Shall have recourse. All shall returne,
 My shes also to my Urne:
 In the next place I here dispence
 Unto my Lambs my innocentie.
 Moreover I assigne to them
 The grass green Meadow last nights dream
 Presented mee, My Ramms are they
 Shall have my Cornucopia.

Item, I leave my Virgin Zone
 Unto the Bud as yet unblown,
 My Purple Veynes resign to you
 Sweet Violets their azure hue.
 My blushes to the Rose I give
 My white shall in the Lilly live;
 My golden Tresses shall repaire
 The ruines of lost Maiden hair.
 My Globes of light after this life
 Shall wait on Phabius and his wife.
 My lofty my Majestick front
 I leave to J'das sublime Mont.
 The Cherry, or the Ruby rather
 The tincture from my lips shall gather.
 This breast opposing th'other, puts
 Me so in mind of Cupids Buts.
 I cannot but to him demise
 The place so fit for exercise.
 Lastly (such as they wont receive)
 Mine armes I to embraces leave:
 And now yee know what my last will is,
 Farewell my Flack, say farewell Phyllis.

Plano singulis ornatis

*A young Gentleman to his Lady, who
 looks upon him as too immature.*

MADAM,

I Love you, should I not do so,
 I wear an Anchorite and my Beard like Snow.

Yes I do love, and humbly here commence
 Affection usher'd in with Reverence,
 Deigne but your lilly hand, No bold desire
 Shall wing up my ambition any higher.
 Nay if that be too much, let me delry
 My rudeness chas'tiz'd in your scornfull eye.
 I must confess these early years of mine
 May look on, but not love Women nor Winc:
 Not love sayd I ? who can but love a face
 So winning unles of Deutalians face?
 Yet while I love and in my breast enshrine yee
 It don't to pitty, but contempt incline yee.
 Nature will lend my lip a cloak, And than
 I may profess, I want not zeal, though man;
 My statures small, And *Cnid* cannot find
 Me yet; Shrubs loose th' advantage of the wind:
 Yet should I loye thus young, I might produce
 Such presidents would warrant my excuses;
 And yours too, *Sapho* sum'd up all her joy
 In the embrace of a Cicilian boy
 The Queen of Greece lov'd Theseus but a Lad,
 And *Cytherea* her *Adonis* had.
 Nay, Love himself that God, is but a Child,
 Shall I then be for want of years exil'd?
 Yea I have heard fair Damsels say, In trith
 Of all that love, give me the smooth-chiv'd Youth.
 True I am young, and thence I dare approve
 My non-acquaintance with the flights of love.
 You are that wounded me the first, and all:
 Blame me not then that come at the first call.

To Aimabunda,

Bilt dost believe in faith that I
 Lov'd thee? saith thou believ'd a lye?

Extinguish therefore thy desire
 Ere it becomes unruly fire,
 For thy flames work but the same way
 With mee as the hot Sun on clay.
 No thou must take thy heeles, and bee,
 If thou wouldest have mee follow thee,

— Fugis insequer.

To Suavia.

Not love you, whom the world confes
 The miracle of prettiness?
 That were an humour to disguise
 My reason, and betray my Eyes:
 Noe, not, without dissimulation
 Your beauty is too strong temptation
 Had I not found you the rare shee,
 Y'had liv'd unlov'd, unmov'd by mee;
 I cannot court a common face,
 Enrich'd with only one poor grace,
 A forehead handsome, smooth, and high
 A lovely Lip, or Chin, or Eye:
 But pardon Suavia if I Love
 You, In whom all these graces move
 Designe then one gentle smile on mee,
 Who will your constant Umbra be,
 So long as either I have eyes,
 Or you have wherewith to surprize.
 Choose Madam then which you think best,
 Either hard favour: or soft breast.

Mit faciem mutes, aut ne sis dura niceste ist.

*An Answer to the Song call'd faire
Archybella to whose eyes, &c.*

My dearest,

A *Archybella's Eyes*
Though nere so faire shall not despise
But owne thy loyall sacrifice.

2.

Suppose her cruell, And a while
Hir frownes like midnight, day exile
Tis noon again, if you but smile.

3.

Wee like our Lodging and protest
So you provide a faithfull breast
To vow our self your constant guest.

4.

Nor need you feare since you impart,
Your wounds so fresh, but we have are
And Balsam too, to ease your smart.

5.

Let not a thought that death may give
Molest thee, doubt not thou to live,
If smiles or teares may but reprise.

6.

Dread not my deare so dire a doom
Forbid it heaven the bower should come,
That thou shouldest suffer Martyrdome.

The Answer to Well-well tis true, &c.

Well, well tis true, That I have lov'd a fool
and it is you :

But since I plainly see
Whilst I in pity lend a smile,
You make me conscious all the while
Of your Idolatry.

I'll henceforth squib your Wildfire flames and
The adoration of an Als (scorne
So foolishly forlorne.

2.

Come, come be wise and dally not with Ladies
(charmfull eyes,
The Magazine from whence
Love armes himself, the Stars I say
Are bright and powfull too, but they
Have no such influence.

We set us down in Titans glittering shire,
Reciprocating beam, for beam
Where Stars their heads decline.

3.

Whilst yee like fools to deifie us pump and dreine
For an Hyperboly: (your Schools
Presuming that yet highly please
Our Sex to stile us Goddesses,

Alas we know yee lyg
We are but flesh and blood though our bright eyes
Surprising your infatuate sense
Yee deem us Deities,

But

But since that Fate has drawn me to the trouble
 I'lle not my labour loose (of thy grace
 For He make use of thine own plot
 To let thee know I love thee not.
 Well or ill take it, choose,
 And therfore Ile go get me a new bar,
 To rid my Chamber of such Apes
 Such Toyes as Sutors are.

5.
 GO love your wine, and all your Muses, nine and
 (nine times nine)
 So you will not love me
 For me I love my Dog, & my Cat
 Nay I would love I care not what
 So it may not be thee
 Love you your laughing, and your quaffing Crew
 I love my Country and my King
 But hate such fools as you.

The Virgin Canticle to Gerrard.

I.
 A Vantyee false Intruders that my Chamber hant
 Good faith I can't
 No nor J will not listen to your love
 No more will J though you would giye me all your
 Unbolt my deer (store
 You do but rocks and senselss marble
 For well, yea too too well J tan your peijut'd flo-
 There's no faith tell
 In mens false breasts
 Therefore farewell, farewell.

Tis

2.

Tis true, I was so foolish once as to Love you,
 But now I rue
 I ever yeilded unto such an ague.
 But yet, I'de have you know my friend though I did
 One burning fit (geo)
 I had another cold enough to plague you.
 For I who was all fire, am new congeald into all ice
 VVhence you may find,
 Though I was kinde.
 I can be merry and wise.

3.

The willow thou thinkst torments me but alas poor
 Ask but my Pillow (fellow)
 If it can witness ere a sigh I fetcht.
 Or that on my bed-side as in a dreame I late,
 Moaning my fate,
 Or out of melancholly my self streacht.
 Ile warrant thee my boy thou't find all circum-
 That maidens too (stances prove
 As well as you

Can with discretion low

4.

And now I do intend to run through Lovers row
 As well as you
 And cast the sweetnesse of variety,
 For I suppose there's some sweet sweet in it or ya
 VWould never be
 So much addicted to inconstancie.

Therefore

Therefore Ile set and see the messes usherd in by
 And rast of this (scores
 And that fine dish
 To the hundred and fiftith course,

In vaine thou temptst mee Paris whar, wouldst thou
 Forsworn againe be faine
 Alas I valew not thy threadbare Oathes.
 Goe finde some other tame foole for I have no
 T' embrace the wind (minde
 No, nor those vowes thou purst of with thy
 (cloaths
 If yet thoudft have me, love thee then I prethee
 For I protest (nere come to mee,
 I love thee best
 When th ou art furthest from mee

The Choice.

T Is not thy rubie Lips; nor Rosy Cheeks,
 In which my heart a full contentment seekes,
 Tis not the treasure of thy golden tresses,
 That makes me rich, or challenge my Careles
 Nor yet thy light-dispe sing eyes though they,
 Be the true Phosphors of the breaking day,
 Should I serve beauties obvious to the eye
 Pigmaleons statue then would see the vye.
 And I might well (if I should cease to range,) (and I
 Advantage my affection at the change.
 But I have suited at a nobler rate,
 Then to court paint; Beauties inanit are,

In summe there's nothing out-sides can impart,
 Hatch power to make a conquest on my heart.
 But I love you, whose beauty still I find
 But ~~index~~ to the beauty of your mind.
 You are the Pearl that highest value win,
 Being faire without, and cordiall within..

To my Coy and Captions Mistress.

Ile court my shade no more, but flee
 From it, and make it follow me:
 Nor shall the lofty Cedar bough
 To the base Bramble, tis too low.
 Ile kneel no more t' ungrateful Thistles,
 Nor listen to each Bird that whistles:
 I have so got you, and to day
 ✓ I did make Ortes of better Hay.
 I lov'd thee once, but now my scorne
 Shall triumph over thee forlorne:
 Ile wrap my front up in disdain,
 Nor shalt thou it uncloud again,
 No, though one careless smile would save
 Thy cast-off carcals from the grave:
 Thy tears, and prayers and looking wan
 VVere but to wash an Indian.

Nay, were thou fair as thou art not,
 Thou shouldst not move my breast one jot:
 Nor would I love thee one half hour,
 Though both the Indies were thy Dower:
 Though all the Saints should bleis thy face,
 Thou get'st not henceforth one embrace:
 I hate thine eyes, and rather would
 A Basilisk should me behold.

To Pulcheria.

B ut tell me will not Gold move thee?
 Art thou more hard than *Danae*?
 VVhat will these peerless Pearls, these Gems,
 These Rubies reacht from Diadems,
 Advance me no step to thy love?
 Ile try if triviall toys may move.
 'T may be this Lilly or that Rose
 VVin her acceptence more then those.
 Yet much at one, alas I should
 But tempt an *Indian* with my Gold:
 Her locks are the true golden Fleece,
Medea shew'd her love in *Greece*;
 And what from Rubies hope I? tush
 Her lips will make the Ruby blush:
 VVhich if a smile should chance to sever,
 You strair shall see such Pearls as never
 Nature yet boasted, as if she
 Had only this one Treasury,
 And as for Gems, what Sparks can *Big*
 Se bright as those shot from her eyes?
 Lillies alas avail not much,
 Her body is all over such:
 And what's a Rose? since her Checks bear
 A June of Roses all the year.

L O V E *Blind or not blind.*

I.

W hat makes you think that Love is blind,
 Since he dwels in the eye:
 I rather

I rather the contrary finde
 In all my scrutinie,
 For I in love had never been
 Had not mine eyes the obj: & seen.

3.

And all the world in this agree
 Love is a flaming fire
 If then a fire, nay flame it be
 What need we more desire,
 To prove that Love may have his right,
 From that which renders all things light.

3.

Tell mee not that *Obfusca* was
 Born blind, yet lov'd on trust,
 Admit the fable; yet alas
 It was not love, but lust.
 For shee must have it understood,
 Though nothing else, hir feeling's good.

4.

But you will say where stood his eyes
 That chose so course a wench,
 As Bab since men meet such a prize
 On every common bench:
 This will be his retort againe,
 What's one mans meat's an others bane.

5.

Here's one a horse face courts whose weight
 Hee knows will come in Gold.

(19)

And so he have the mony straight,
 Let her be crooked, old
 Play-foot, blind, beetlebrowd, and lame,
 For he ha's that for which he came,

6.

Turne but your eye and you shall see
 Another's finger itch,
 To be embracing such a shee
 Is neither faire nor rich.
 Ask but his reason and tis this
 My minde to me a Kingdom is,

7.

Thus one loves fat an other leane,
 This his meat salt, that fresh
 This a fat Capon, that a Hen
 This man loves fish, that flesh.
 Thus all their humours have, and now
 Heres the good woman kist her Cow.

8.

Who beares the fault now but the boy
 The wanton boy torsooth
 He wirth old women use to toy,
 And teach them tricks of youth,
 Thus from our selves we still removē
 Our dotage to the god of Love.

9.

Whom falsely fools call progeny
 Of Vulcan god of fire,

(20)

If it were so then he must be
 Progress to his Sire
 For out of doubt he LOVE did know,
 Ere he came into Cuckolds row.

IO.

Then let not hollow'd Love bear blame
 For humane fantasy:
 Love is a pure celestiall flame
 Heaven and Earths Mercury.
 Diffus'd on Mortals, let us hence
 Accuse the Organ, not the influence.

II.

Can any yet be so unwise
 To think Love blind that can
 Create an Argus hundred eyes,
 To guard a Curtalain,
 Whom if you see you may espye,
 Enthron'd in every sparkling eye.

I2.

Play which of you can shoo't so right,
 As he whom yee call blind;
 He sticks his Arrows in the white
 Sure then he eyes must find,
 Should you a Dart at any throw,
 Twere but the blind man hit the Crow.

I3.

Yea are surpriz'd with each fair face
 With every dimpled Chin,

This comly feature, that sweet grace

Are snares to trappee ins.

What think yee then, not love, I wils

But yee, are capti' oculis.

A longing Lady to her long-staying Lover.

V Vice twenty times hath Titas run his course
I From th' orientall, to the VVestern sourse:
Since last I saw you, can one parting kis.
Sustain me such an age of night as this:
How I am racket in thy unkind delay?
Come my sweet Phosphor, come and bring the day,
orrow and solitudēn this small space
Have figui'd age on my Hermetick face.
Go happy Paper be my Mercury,
And having kist his hand bring it to me.
That I may be thy Rival; tell him I
Must see him soon, or in despair lode.
And if he come not; I shall plainly see
He's out of town, or out of love with me.

A forsaken Lady to her Apostate.

B ut are those flashes fled? those flames quite gon
B into the ashes of oblivion?
Where are those Vows, those Heaven-attested
cal'd on my lips the pledges of our troaths? (oaths)
What all amort, all banisht in a trice,
ll'our embraces a fools Paradice?
hen farewell faith, and friend, next time I find
ly self affective Ile embrace the wind.

Amock

*A mock song to
O Stay by mee—*

3 Tay not by me feirids ! but fly mee,
For behold I come

All in furie, to conjure yee,
To avoid the roome,

O come not then near mee : your haggy looks ske
But down to your cursed cell,
for in hell;

All such footy sluts dwell.

2.

Out yee Devills, worst of evills,
What do you make here?

Such dam'd witches, and base bitches:
I ne're saw as yee're,

O come not then near me your haggy looks ske
But down to your cursed cell
for in hell

All such footy sluts dwell.

3.

✓ Pluto's pussies are the fusses
That I here behōld

Drest in tiffanic like Typhonie,
Snaky lockt and oide.

O come not then neare mee, your haggy looks ske
But down to your cursed cell
For in hell,
All such footy sluts dwell.

Furia

4.

Furies fellowes what is hell loose
 And yee broke out thus
 In your night-gears like the night mares
 To meet *Incubus.* (me
 O come not then near mee, your haggy looks skeare
 But down to yout cursed cell
 for in hell
 All such foory sluts dwell.

5.

Out upon yee, Ile none on yee
 Down yee dan'd beneath
 Your ill favours and worse favours
 Doe infect my breath, (mee
 O come not then near mee, your haggy looks skeare
 But down to your cursed cell
 for in hell,
 All such foory sluts dwell.

The Furies Answer.

BE content Sir, we are sent Sir
 Not to trouble you,
 But to sport with and comfort with
 Our own cuttauld crew. (you
 Let nothing then skeare you, for weel not come near
 But down to our own black cell,
 for in hell,
 VVe confesse wee do dwell.

Jam jam talmyas, taytara ngya pater.

*A Gentleman to his Mistress that told
him he lookt asq'nt upon her.*

Asquin, why no? am I of Eagles race,
To try mine eyes upon *Apollō's* face:
Admit I were, yet while I look on thee,
Thy brighter beams force an obliquity.
Eagles should do the same, durst they but try
Their Birth-right at the radiance of thine eye.
VVhat is this squinting but my feeble sight,
Reverberated by thy powerfull light?
Nay should mine eye right on to thine aspire,
'Twould burning-Glas-like set mine heart on fire.
But say I could, since thou thus slightest me,
VVhat reasons have I to look right on thee?
Come be not you so cross grain'd to despise
A breast that shews her crosses in her eyes;
VVwhich silently each other thus reprove,
T' have let in cruell and ingratefull love:
So passing fair, I swear upon a book
You are, my eyes upon each other look
As in a maze to see Dame Nature place
All her perfection in your only face.

As Clouds the Creatures of the Sun, so I
The nubilous exhalation of your eye
Approach your presence begging I may be
The *Umbra* unto your serenity.

And could I but, my self in the office put,
As *Caltha* with your beams Id'e ope, and shut.
The Flies are buzzing where light Candles are,
And smoak you knew alwaies pursues the fair.
Daiies if exterchange Embraces with the night,
And darkness kiss the lovely lips of light.

VVhy

Why then, thou fairest, art thou so unkind,
 To scoffe the mole thy beauty made thus blind?
 But am I blinde dost say; Even thence does flow,
 This solace, that the God of love is so.
 And squinteyd, then I may glorie int.
 The sun it selfe, lights centre looks asquint.

To Franke.

What all at once? what nowne selfe Franke?
 Thy bountie over beares its banck.
 Thad bene a favour yet beyond,
 My wishes, hadst thou given thy bond,
 And seal'd it with a fatchfull kisse,
 O here had bene enough of blisse.
 Or hadst thou given thy hand in part
 As pledg of thy engaged heart;
 I had bene more then well content
 T'have fed my hopes, on the event.

But I am now as others are,
 Suspitious of thy proffer'd ware.
 Thou art too sweet, to tell thee right
 Thou overcom'st my appetite.
 Honey's not for all pallat's meet,
 And sugar oft makes things too sweet.
 Trust mee fond Franck, thou art too free
 (Free of thy flesh I mean) for mee.
 Thou com'st too fast, I must step back,
 And to be short, I scarce mee no man,
 Dares yenter to make thee a woman.
 In marketes maides are common,
 Can have a score for a bulls eye.

You praise your selfe, and I could wish
 But to see her cryes stinking fish;
 I know not what to think, thy face
 Hath such an ale of bratle;
 And yet thou shouldest be right, for none
 That I ere knew, leſſe feare the stone,
 On whom be this inscription set;
 Here is both right, and Counterfeit.

But thou sayst tis no ſuall Course,
 To looke ith mouth of a guift hoſte.
 Yet no mans' bounry ſhall perſwade
 Mee too accept or keepe a jade,
 Ill favourd &, ill quality'd;
 Who would on ſuch Conditions ride?
 Thou haſt given thy ſelfe to mee, doſt hear
 Thou haſt a ſhrewd box on the eare
 Would thou haſt rat her given mee that
 Was left ith maltheap by the Car.
 Thou ſhouldſt have laid, will you accepſt,
 Or elſe thy ſelfe to thy ſelfe kept.
 Theres ſomewhat more then up and ride,
 The banes muſt goe before the bride
 And aſter too, unlesſe ſhee bee
 Better then I can hope of thee
 Thou flyſt away to Church & nether,
 Bringſt guest with thee nor yet a father.
 But for the firſt (ſauing your jeaſt)
 You will your ſelfe be the bold guest,
 And for a father, what need hee,
 Since you will your owne givere be.
 Way this is the new way we take,
 Each others word & bargaine make.
 Sure here is like to be good doeing
 When riſtant royles run thus a wo-eig,
 VVhy now or never veriſie.

(227)

Old mother Shiptons prophesie,
Yet thou mayest get a husband still,
Provided thou dost bat fullfull,
The last will of thy grand mother,
No more but ~~she~~; Remember her:

For my part, met thou couldst not please,
Though thou couldst sh—mee ninepences.
Nor couldst thou move in mee delight,
Shouldst thou afford mee every night
A fresh & sportfull maidenhead
Their signes should not pollute my bed,
And yet I may chance loath my life
Come then and thou shalt bee my wife,
However for your offer Frankly
I were to blame should I not thank you,
But let mee perish in thy Curse
If ever offer lik't mee worse.
Thou gav'st thy selfe to mee ; and
Give thee back to thy self Godb ye

Te mibi donasti, te sibi reddo, valorem

C2

An

An Epithal.

Or. Mr. B. C. his Nuptials.

Elcome most lovely paire,
Through threats of drowning
In parents frowning;
Now no doubtes nor despaire
Shall cloud the clearer aire
Of nuptiall crowning
No counter-plots, no rivalls now suspect,
Your wishes are arriv'd at their effect.

4.

No wearefull Willow now,
Cupid composes,
Chaplets of Roses:
In which the Bridgroomes brew
And his faire Brides also,
Hymen encloses,
Let Suiters in desires hot embers burne,
Your joyfull fyres shall into Bone-fires turne.

3.

On thy cheeks beauteous Bride,

More all the graces

In pleasant paces

Bless'd bee whom fates betide

Th' Elyshum at thy side.

This, this, thy lass is

Sweet Bride-groom, but had Love had eyes to
see her:

No doubt but hee had been thy rivall here.

4.

Sing Jo, sing a-maine

Thy tempting treasure,

Out bounds all measure,

Give thy ripe joyes full reine,

And Jo, sing againe,

Victorius Caesar

Beware of surfets though, thy lustie cheare.

Ends not to-night, the faire lasts all the yeare.

4.

But you think long I doubt,

And loves complection,

Prepares creation,

What though yee taste of nought,

All day; but naked thought:

Night's the next sectione

Then you shall see, what wee but dream'd delights,

Weed with yee too (if there were need) good night.

Com Bacchus conquer'd trouble
 The merrie dishes Brim'd with best wishes.
 Me thinks I see the soule Of mirth in every bowle Presaging blisses.
 Your crop's full ear'd, full ripe, your eye discernes
 Plentie; what can wee wish yec more but bearnes

To my lillie white Leda
 in Commendation of a pale face.

When red enchaſed in the skies wet ſindas,
 VVee ſtraiſt conclude tis either ſunne, or windas;
 VVhen I a Rubrick on thy face ſpie,
 Faſh I expect to ſet white ſtorme, or cry.
 Let them that dare condenme thy Ivery brow
 Tell mee how they could fancy bloud & ſnow.
 That monſtrous, yea that menſtruous product, who
 Could looke vpon't and not his teares ovr flow?
 Pray tell mee where the white, & damſak rafe
 From the ſam ſtall both white, & red diſcloſed
 Spaniells and Calves ate red and white tis true
 If you be red and white, pray what are you?
 VVould you conſiſtēnd her for her comly ſnow,
 Thats particolourd like a radiſh root?
 You'd think I mock you ſhould I ſay you are
 Pyjohē & Grapheys as babies in the faire

If red be such a grace; If red so please,
 Haue mee commended to red, latets.
 Yet the red rose is Cordiall. But the white
 Is ever most commended for the sight.
 From costard-mongers I haue understood
 Thus much? The red cheeche apple's seldom good.
 Red waxe is very common. But the white
 Is virgins wax, And a good price must buy'r,
 Pray tell mee now, would you be wo'd & prayd?
 To limb, your selfe out on a milke-white maid?
 Marry com up; so when you are to write,
 You may condigne your paper cause tis white.
 Here, heres an Elizabeth, will you say what aile
 The shillings cause you see the face is pale?
 That were a pretie yeast, Alas, alas,
 If it were cherry cheeche it would not passe.
 Even Vitriall admitts a vairous hue
 Some is pure white, some greene, some perfect
 blewe,

And some is red too, But tis then consist
 The droste & Copys morium of the rest
 In Mercie as Cymick tearmes will ha't,
 The white's sublime, The red precipitate,
 Some Tulips, I remember I have seene,
 Halse red half white, but thy have common been.
 Or were they rare, should they come near my nose,
 The posie were lesse welcome, then the posse.
 White Robes at Nuptialls, shew a virgine stace,
 And why not white cheecks beautyes candidate.
 What wouldest thou think, if thou shoule red espie
 Exchequer'd with the white thats in thine eye?
 Thoudst say'tis bloud-shot, How then ist a grace
 That blemishes the best part of thy face?

But why doe I thus eagerly allude
 To that whichall but blind men will conclude?

The Silver Moon, the glittering train of night,
 The Lilly, Swan, and Venus Doves are white,
 But you lay Reds a modest tincture, rash,
 Her conscience can not bid her count'naunce blush
 When shee hath done the thing shee ought not
 doe:
 Come to hit the n sheel blush as red as you.

— — — — — *Rubicunda flata, Alba serenata.*

The Postscript, To the precedent Poem.

Ble stlay ny whiteing, though I took thy part,
 B'Twas not to shew thy beaury, but my art.
 My conscience tell mee Red & white best pleases,
 VWhite not set off with Red portends diseases;
 But Poets *pro*, and *con*, salure and flight:
 Tell yee the Dove is black, And the Crow white,
 I could haye writ as much, and given a grace
 As ample, to the Calfe with the white face.
 Thus have I made thee faire and fowle; so truely
 Stareh bc it nere so white, comes of but blewly.

P. atque P.

To

... bright bounes do you T.

To M^r. R. D.

SIR,

YOur safe returne unto mine eares being come
 I could no less then bid you welcome home.
 At present I have nothing worth your view,
 Only my white sat'd Leda, but shee's new
 And fresh attir'd, If I have drest her right:
 Ssy but the word, And I have hit the White:

*Militat omnis amans, & habet sua Castra
 Cupido.*

L O V E hath his tents & lovers souldiers are
 Prest out to serve in an intelline VVarr,
 Cupid become a Leader now I finde,
 The proverb, verified, The blind leads the blinde.

— *Caco carpitur Igne**

To my honoured friend.

A Gentleman that in a frolick would needs
barb mee.

But & E N
Let me know when
Thou wilt returne agen:
Oh thy departure drew a teare,
Not from the watrie surface of the spheare.
No, no it drew it, whist stay there
Least while such newes I send,
I much offend,
My friend,

2.

Singhualas decreed I must pass his
Thee should I depart with speed
I could not choose, but heavily look
To loose at once my barber, and my Cook:
I will be sworne upon a booke
I oft thee wanted have
My chin to shave,
Poore knave.

And

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came vnto you no evill all daye I had
sleake and pale was I to see you laste
then sayde the emperour alacke and woe were my
days of shalottas. I am a wold man.

And then

My upper lippe

And make the haire to skip

For having mended my bad face

Thou good Lawn Bands about my neck didst place

And cust my handes, but now alas

I shall, I am ith mind

No Barber finde

so kinde.

To William Kemp.

Saturday last faith Will you sent mee Sack
By Bacchus scarce was worth the sending back
Be now a trusty soule, and send me White.
Or Renish, which you will but let't be right
Feel out some cell wher Phebus cannot come
I know Will will send good if VVill b'at home.

A Gentleman surprised with the sight of a
Lady unknowne to him, betroathed
to another.

Unhappy happinesse, piercing pleasing fate
By too good fortune made infortunate,
My blisst, and blasted eyes made mee at once
My self an Emp'ror, and a slave pronounced.

What

What strange afflictions on my spirit cease?

Whereof the cure is worse then disease.

VVhat heavenly fire is this, torments & joyes mee

VVhich if I blow consumes; if quench destroys mee?

Take here O take this love-slaine heart of mine

This victim fallen on your victorious shrine,

Only let love since to your pile I come

Honour my sacrifice with martyrdome.

And tis enough, Since I cant overcome yee.

He kille the stroakes my fates allot mee from yee

Yet on my urne should you one glance contrive

My ashes with the Phenix might revive,

If not a smile, O yet let pity lend mee

A sigh, that may to the next world command mee

Where my then happier eyes may have the grace

Freely to feast on your Seraphick face.

To my Cozen Coy.

Tis not for vertues sake that you,
Are wont to keepe so much adoe,
For wee know by experience,
And you by your owne conscience,
That wenchess will for all their sturres,
Cling in a corner close as burres.

Those things most take men's palates over,
They purchase be with most hard endeavor.

And that's the reason that yee maids,
Hold up the rate of maiden-heads.
VVhich if you were not coy and nice
Alack a day! would beare no price.

37.

Pray doe not yee your faces skreeny
To be with double luster seen.
VVhat is it but to tempt beholders,
Yee show your naked neck, and, shoulders.
VVhy doe you else pack white with black?
But that yee more vth same stuffe lacke?

4.

Cold-rounded fires, themselves contrarie;
And are most violent in act.
And I conceive fair maides desires,
Are but such snow-environ'd fires.
And when I see snow on their skin
I judge them them all fyre within.

5.

Tell mee who will do so mickle
'As shee that hants a conventicle.
Shee is one of Adams race,
That observes no tyme nor place.
Though in the midst of lent it chance,
Shee take it, if the flesh advance,

And

6.

And you your self Abstemia
 Will sport and play as well as they,
 I know you loyter but to be
 Embrac'd by opportunity
 And in things forbid delight
 To show your selfe Eves Daughter right.

7.

Tell mee no more of Apes in hell
 Though th' excuse become yee well;
 Come prettie soule tis to no boot
 You cannot live unlesse you doe't:
 For the thing that we talk of pleased
 Nay more then that prevents diseases.

8.

Were't not more wisdome to be dumb,
 Then word it to be overcome?
 Do'nt wee in common queans espie
 These your weapons,nay pills,nay sye,
 That ere halfe the fight be done
 VVish that they may be over fun.

9.

Come come Gire if thou dost burne
 Let thou bankit not a good turne,

Lxx

Those

Those bonny lasses wiser are
That know when they are offer'd faire
Yet if shame bids thee forlacke it will mynes to kee
Prethee play the maid, say nay and take it.

To my pale Pippin
Pallor in ore sedes

Her cheeks are like her blind checks pale
And wan, Her lipps are like her taile,
Her piteous looks may happily move
Compassion in mee; never love.
Shall I bow downe or kneel to that
That seems to mee inanimate?
So while I to my suite addict her,
I pray with Papists to a Picture,
Doe yee not see how meager death,
Seems through his Organs to steal breath
And Succubus hats from the dust
Rear'd her to satiate his lust
Tell me pale Phœbe doe you thinke
Old walls to banquet on the lime?
I know you love such festivalls
Your white-waist cheeks resemble walls.
Say mother pigous, doe you no t
For Oatmeal? rob the Porridge, por
Run you not into privat holes?
To break your fast with salt and Coales
I might a thousand knacks repeat,
What could I name but you would eat
In shame whereof your bloud refraines
Your checks, And lurks within your yeines,

Mon.

Untill it bee subpoena'd thence,
 By your flagitious conscience;
 Nor are you lillie like, but fellow
 And sapie-couerchane'd like tallow,
 For when your dropping nose you handle,
 You seeme to mee to snuffe a candle,
 And they that keepe you reape disgrace,
 Whilst men read famine on your face.
 Natures, besiegd, And all your pores
 Obstructed block up her recourse
 Whilst in dispaire of life you burse,
 For a good husband, or goode turne..
 There must bee vent, Tis to noe boort
 To talkē, you must or dye, or doer.
 And shoud, wee but a while delay you,
 You'd cry harkē harkē for life wee pray you.
 You can no such improvement feel,
 In allume possets or crude steele.
 You know your selfe theres nothing can,
 Be so aperitive as man.
 Who in the sweetest fence is said,
 To cure you of your maiden head.
 Which shoud you but a while retaine,
 A pessarie would come in vaine.
 What neede men care then for such wifes,
 As Marry but to save their lives?
 He must as much (that weddeth thee)
 Thy doctor; As thy husband be,
 Not, Ile to Bacchus where being come,
 The first attendant shewes a romē,
 The next presents a glanceing lassie,
 Like Venus in a venice glasse.
 With that I knock, & as some sp'rite
 I conjur up pure red and white.
 My circles a round table. And
 In midſt thereof does Hymen stand

With a light tapour . when I call ,
To celebrate my nuptiall .

Here doe I a french madam place

And there a sweet-lipp Spanish lassie

Here all in white a lady dances .

And there in red an other glances .

And least mine eyes want fresh delight .

Here sets Claretta red & whit .

Nor doe I complement I trow ,

But tell them plaine'tis so and so ,

Thy strugge nor nor are they coy

But I may what I will enjoy .

No there's no coyle made for a kille ,

Though melting melting , melting blisse .

No shifting from the freindly cup .

But I may freely all take up .

And in each face if I so please ,

the court mync owne effigies .

VWho would not then on this stage act Narcifus ,

VWhere lively lipps so sweetly say come kille us ?

Mrs. E. G.

To her false and faithlesse servant.

Bvt whence false wretche are these delayers ,
Didst thou not sweare ,
By all that's deare ,
Should Lyons block up thy assayes ,
Thy Pinnaces corn'd such resources .

much

Most faithleſſe of thy ſex farewell:
 Art not thou hee
 That vow'd to mee
 No fates decree nor Cittacean Spell,
 Should keep thee from my Cittadell?

Yet batterer thou art flog'd, and blownn
 From the warm neſt
 Of my soft breast,
 And like that night thou leſt's mee gone
 Ah/who would ſuch a traytor owne?

They that dare moſt, I ſee dare leaſt
 Peter pretends
 More then his friends,
 But being brought unto the teſt,
 Hee turnes more cravant then the reſt.

5.

A feeble hermit raz'd the ſort
 Of ſecrefie
 Twixt thee and mee,
 O shame, Cowards I ſee refort
 To Lov's, though not to Mars his Court,

Thinkeſt

6

Thinkst thou the gods that tell me
From Heaven above
Thy vowe of love,
Will quit thee of thy perjury?

That we're to make themselves like thee,

Well I conclude then nothing else

But love is dead right now. A whole year I
And faith is dead, and it suffocates me and it's
like a bone inside.

Unto the breasts of infidels upon & upon thy nose
And there, if any where it dwells, new bloudt and V.

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and the words in sequence. A database will store the words in a specific order.

all 11-12-13 2024-01-01 2024-01-01 2024-01-01

Falso and faint heart adieu nere suo avol filii V.

Nor woe nor mirth, but as you like a picture;

For here is all the answer you

False and faint heart adieu adieu.

I began to think as I went along, people became

Plants in the sub-Gulmarg area

Hin

His Answer.

And why so sharp? in truth (my dear) I must,
 Accuse your furie of unkind distrust.
 You should observe the end, and only glance,
 Not dwell on the emergent circumstance.
 Shall I ploung through th' abiss of danger, whi
 I may avoyd it; And goe right agen.
 VVhat you mis-construe as some light abuse,
 Reason will read a requisite excuse.
 VVhat should wee but invyse the publike scorn
 To boast our harvest ere wee reap our corne.
 The wealthy'st wights pretend the weakest store,
 And what they hugge, conceale, I doe no more.
 For knowledge will but make us table-talke,
 VVhilst love delights in shadie'st pathes to-walk;
 Forbeare a while my love and then expect
 Your patience crown'd with bleſſt, with wiſt effect.
 Those that doe otherwise, the world but calls,
 Them Posthumous to others owne nuptialls,
 Noe, noe, my heart's but one, though for a space,
 I seeme to putt on Janus double face,
 In which ſtrange drefſe I yet would hope I ſhow
 I love thee more then all the world ſhall know.

To the faire Mrs E. R.

MADAM.

You are lovely faire, and but I know,
 You are not proud, I would not tell you so.
 For my part I commend your sweet complexion.
 Neither for hope of favour, nor affection.
 Only since I have little else to doe,
 I prayse the most prayse worthy, And tis you:
 Here's no hard words but in plaine english thus,
 Yeare hand's me, yonge, rich, vertuous.
 What can be wisht for more? where nature places
 A heaven of beauty in a heeven of graces.
 But if you be as free as you are faire
 All's nothing, and you are not what you are.

*Da dextram misera & tecum me tolle per
vadas.*

Phillis, Charon.

- Pb. A Boat, a Boat Charon, come set me over.
 Cb. AVWho calls hells fatall ferrymen?
 Pb. A Lover.
 Cb. And thou shal stay the longer for't I vow,
 Pb. Yeule not be so unmercifull I wrow.
 Cb. Lest handed luck light on yee every houre
 Ime troubl'd to transport luch brands as you
 are.

Pb. Nay

- Pb. Nay good sweet Charon, com:
- Cb. Yes sweetpon stills,
- VVhen I have nothing else to do, I will.
- Pb. VVhat? (faile
- Cb. Grease my Boat, and patch my shattered
And set me down and rest me;
- Pb. Iove what ayle' (faile
- This froward, parch? come prethee to th^e
I am a stranger, come put off thy wrath.
- Cb. Hence Cupids brands,
- Pb. Not so.
- Cb. He come no nigher:
- Pb. VVhy?
- Cb. For youl set my pitchy Boat on fire,
I fry already with transpotting flames
- Pb. Such as have almost drank up al my stremes
Canst thou feare that and see these fresh
supplies.
- So streaming from the Conduits of mine
Eyes?
- Cb. VWell well,
- Pb. Nay more if Charon shall think good
- Cb. These Armes as Oares shall wave the stigi-
an flood,
- This wast thy Maſt: And this diſhevell'd
haire,
- He into Cables twiſt;
- Cb. VWell you ſpeak faire,
- Pb. Come then;
- Cb. I am at hand, but ere thy foot Beord me,
- How cam'st thou here timely or not?
- Pb. VWhat makes that to my ſpeed? Come waſt
me over,
And talke of that anon.

- Cb. Nay soft, discover
 Or thou art at thy furthest; Trust no trickes
 Nor falsities, But sweare by sacred Stix,
 VVhich even the gods call not to lyes,
 VVithout the forfeit of their deityes,
 And loss of Nectar for a hundred years.
 Speak, Pbs VVhat is Phillis faultie here apperes.
- Cb. Thou canst not pass.
 Pb. The gods forbid O smother
 That breath, This death is worse then th'o-
 ther;
 I past last night, That I implunged in
 For love, and must I dye again for sin?
 Is it decreed?
- Cb. It is, and signed by fate.
 Pb. Ile supplicate the Gods then.
- Cb. Tis too late.
- Pb. Hard hap, but sawst thou not my Demophon
- Cb. I did.
- Pb. VVhere;
- Cb. Hee is to Elysium gone.
- Pb. And I left here O Chars ptehee either
 VVaft mee to him, or fetch him hither.
- Cb. Neither?
- Pb. Shall he live happy?
- Cb. Yes.
- Pb. Then let me come
 For hee knowes I am his Elysium.
- Gh. Thou canst not wretch;
- Pb. Noe? whether shall I then
 Betake my selfe?
- Cb. To yond fowle foggy fen.
- Pb. And what when there?
- Cb. Still tide it to and fro,

In deep despair as those self murthers do,
 See'st thou these Troops like Autumnes leavy
 spoile,
 VVhat self-bemoaning, what unpitied coyls
 They keep? But I sterne Charon have no care
 To heare their plaints; no eyes to see their

Pb. Have I condemned life, neglected Thrace
 And my imperiall scepter for this place?

Cb. Blame thine own Rashnes to anticipate,
 The supreme act of Adamantine fate.

Pb. Has thou no pity left for Queens.

Cb. No, now
 The basest beggar is as great as thou.

Pb. O give me yet a draft of Lethe, that
 I may forget the tyranny of fate.

Ca. It cannot be allow'd alas thy woes
 Begin but now

Pb. VVhen end they then?

Cb. God knowes.

Pb. Pitie sweet Charon, pitie for his sake,
 VVho so innocence must of my greits pertake:
 For hee and I long since agreed upon
 This, Hee should Phillis be, I Demophon
 Our faithfull lippes were pledges of this twise
 Hee giving his heart, I returning mine.
 Tis I have sin'd, And must hee beare the
 blow.

Tis not my heart, but his that suffers now,
 O either yeild then to my just desire,
 Or let mee suffer in my selfe entirly,
 But if't may be, Celestiall pity move,
 To spare us both, and lay the fault on Love.

W^eell love shall blind the Gods & pitie shal
For once the faire queene be presidential
Or the Gods will not commiserate,
Ile stcale thee over stix in spite of fate

Flettere sine quo Acheronta movebo.

Miserum me fuisse felicem!

To Mr. H. C.

H^ead Palynurus, never stear'd so farre,
As India, where the earthes choyce creatures
are.

His wooden Castle, might have split in sunder,
And nere arrived at a nine dayes wonder:
Had Bellisarrus, and I, never seene,
The faithlesse face of change's changefull queene'
and to so loftie hopes had no admission
How blest had wee bene in our low condition?
Had athens not Eudoxia bene,
Ihad bene nowound to be throwne downe agen;
Had I nere sene you (fairest) then my breast,
Had still bene calmie in its haven of rest.
What th'eye nere sees, the heart nere grieves? had I
Nere drank at all, then had I heire bene dry.
I saw you but, and the wing archers bow,
Drawn by the attractives of your eyes peir'd
through.

My heart, so did hee from those eyes p'ocure,
His bolt, his bowstringe, and his cynosure.

Unlucky luck, with joy and woe it fills mee,
 Tarantula like, it makes mee laugh, and kills mee.
 Tis thou haſt wounded mee, and I muſt meet
 My cure in thee, O my ſweet, bitter-fweet.

Sic uisus res eadem uulnus openo que tulisti.

A. B. To an Irish Gentlewoman
 that slighted him.

What time my bloud ſhall boyle ſo in my Ueins
 As I ſhall need a cooler for my reynes,
 Ile call on Je. fairer far then you are
 Shall eaſe me of my Cod-peice Calenture;
 But if a Priapisme put me hard upon't
 Ile keep a Cow: And not an Irih Ront.

To my noble Cofen Mr. R. C.
 coming in mouring to be
 merry with his friends.

And why in black? what means this night's am
 Since I am frolick as the day?
 Why comest thou thus in mouring to thy fri
 As if to minde him of his end?

In such sad weeds the unwellcome Raven comes
 To croak out our determinated doomes:
 Shake of those mystic toggs, that wee may know,
 How much wee to thy visit owe,
 Come not as thou bidst treason in thy throwd,
 But lend the sweltring bus thy cloud,
 So shall hee sett him downe and slumber, while
 Thou cherisht us with thy smile;
 How ill contrived is that companie
 VVhere one does laugh, another cry? (black
 This man is clouthed in white, that blew, thou
 Even just like Geffry, James and Jack,
 VVhat will the world conclude when they see thee
 In this fleabitten liverie?
 Wee laugh, you lowre, wee singe, your serious state.
 Seemes to affect the marbles fate,
 This discord is unmuscall come, come,
 Uncase unmask, and let each roome,
 Thouglidest through, so radiant appear,
 As if the orbe of light moved there:
 Breake out bright Soule, & give our wonder birth
 At the Meridian of thy mirth,
 Trust meet'were good and rare, but I see plaine,
 Thou bring'st old fashions up againe;
 Thy presence was a banquet and thou didst,
 Present a deahts head in the midst,
 So all thy courteous ruines upon stuches,
 Like him makes a good feast, and gutchess
 But, prethee, shall I this a visit call
 Suer thou cam'st to my funerall;
 Or I'st because thy clothes gaunt surfeet be,
 Mementoes of mortality?
 Dost come to laugh, And set good chear to wack,
 And, yet bring Lent upon thy back,
 Note fear good Cos. Heres nothing need,
 Such overmonitory weeds;

We have not to present you, what is rare,

Only y're wellcome to our country; fare,
Good powder'd beefe, good mutton and good
shertie,

And so, and so, I pray be merry,
With which accept our hearts; who could extend
no more, should a'll the Gods descend.

And if this paper find acceptance soe,

That's more sir then I promised you,

But I had rather be abrupt then tedious,

And therefore thus, and only thus,
You come in mourning, but whence you returne,

You may leye of, but me spue me nought,

A grans ades
To my highly honoured cozyn Mr B. C.
Comming to Norwich.

And art thou come boone Bw? then Norwich say,
Chankes (noble Phospher) for this wylt for day
Then wellcome, wellcome, be they ever dumb:
That say not now wellcome B. C. Wellcome:
Had I bene mute from birth, I now had broke
All young tyes, and with dumb borne Allis spoke;
As first came downe the crise to discoufe,
I'wixt frogs and mice; so camst thou downe to us;
Both from above, though here some difference lyg,
Hee cam from heave'ns, thou from earth's paradise.
Yee both descend, being both divinely bright,
To dispel our infernall Orb with light;
The country swaines' cause they plus could spek
No higher title, call them Collenell;

Some

Some wiser, though then others, reaping corn,
 Thinkē thou art Ceres, and resound their horne.
 Devoutly beg thy largesse, and out vye,
 The thunders with the ecch'o of their cry.
 But when shou cameſt in at Stephens gate,
 Thou gav'ſt our city cause enough of prate;
 O how the people hurry, hury ran,
 To gaze upon thee as if more then man!
 What heareſt du Aprilis at every looke?
 Read on thy robes, Norſay illustrious Duke?
 Weavers, like shutles, here, and there perp our,
 And make no workon't for the revell rout.
 Who finding how in vaine they ſtrive for roome,
 Each in a ſuffraian furrey to his loome,
 Reriuſer, And armed with his well try'd beamis,
 Levels his paſſage through th' oppoſing ſtreem.
 You'd laughe to ſee, how theyours ſtrake about,
 And doo to ſee themſelves cut out,
 VVifhing thei're goddes had no eys, ſo they,
 (Poberties) might ſet their bellyfull to day.
 Then th' hor ſumme the doorth' house, ſeing all
 Gappis, and thei're dooth ſearefull,
 But iſ too ſidde to tempre the tempeſt,
 They that were put to th' ground can tell you all,
 Ohoſe they ſtrake into each other's armes?
 Twas a great mercy, that there was no harme,
 Their bodyes twirled, and tongueſ lay never still,
 As iſ the roue had bene a twirling mill.
 In deede the Mayor, and all the taffet Domes,
 The bells too, and thundre thinking Quince,
 Had bene your enterainment; but of late
 Tis ſuperition, and growne out of date,
 Nor had I thought t' haue write, but your aduance
 Conſtraind me, Orpheus, player, & trees muſt dance
 I am created poſt by my Theame,
 Like Memnon's ſtatute by Apelles, beame.

To the worshipfull A. D. his Maje-
sties Physician Crossing the
Seas.

A Cept his sad farewell, Sir who best sings,
As dying Swans do at Mewards springs,
Farewell, Stop there; O how the surges rise,
Into a bryoit spring-tide from mine eyes?
As if yet hope were left that these salt flowres
Might lend you Sea-doom, or else drown my woe,
And lefft you waste wherewith to fill your bale,
My sightes swall up themselfes in a galore,
If still he calmid, may you as deadlyxx signe, b'no Y
The proverbe true In this, my Worish are Windes,
Meane time I shall to Mewards repaire,
That he would breath you winde enough and faire,
And then, to him commands the mary od Geiray,
To chyde the Dolphines from their continuall spaynes
Next ile entreat the Nereidens manigad abroa,
Teller their smilles by night fayre quaynes
And may your constant, paxious, long of heauen
Health for you, Sir, who health so thon have given
If swang us to receive you plese, a good night
Weel say, Phantomes from th' Antipodes,
If your trouuen though, be a ny' o by fayre isle behal
Like Neftun yea in Augures glasse, god ill'd out
And Aschamys like conuring the Earth,
With faith, that you are of immortall birth,
This booke I bryg, Sir, and this only one,
Now, and then, shank on your poor Servesse.

To the City of
CRACOVIA.

Not out of Daze, but fear off following rollis,
 The Moores of India sacrifice to devillis;
 So we to Norwich did spoule Sir Thomas,
 Only for this, to get him further from us.

To Mr. R. C. upon
 The Mourning Ring he sent mee.

WHAT, shall I laugh, or weepe? this present,
 Present mee a necessity of both:
 How can I choose but smile, when I behold
 My lucky Harrs laden with orient Gold?
 But when I see it through black Curtains peeping,
 Ah mee! I think, &c. fall a weeping,
 My passions fight and flow, and it appears,
 Excess of joy, as well as grief, finds reasen;
 Whilst I thus rapt Narcissus-like espie
 Sunshine, and showers, play Ayrill in mine eyz;
 See how the Gold boopeps in sable shrouds,
 Like Phabus postling through the raine-swolne
 clouds;

And well the simile holds, the black present
His setting, and the Gold his oriente.
Here night and day Lune and Sol appeare,
As if true Aequinox were only here.
Nor should I much mistake the Aquipage,
To calt the golden, in thd iron age:
I may go boast, I on my finger weare
The pythiaſt Hyeroglyphick of the ycare:
For I can summer in thy posie read,
And winter to the life in thy deaths head:
Pretty, and precious guisit, it shewes to mee
Both parkie, and perpetuity:
For whilſt the Gold thy pure love does command,
The Ring instructs my thanks to know no end.

To ——— upon
his giving mee a Library.

How say you now? think you, I do not please
My friend well, to obtaine such guisits as these?
Whatev're hole Library at once? who looks
Upon it, must conclude mee in his books.

To a Gentlewoman, that refused,
A very rich Sistor, because
she was not very hand-
some.

Faire Cosen, let me in this case advise,
To quell your fancy, and give reason eyes:

They

They that choose apples by their looks, are oft
Fool'd in their hopes, and for their folly scot.

Tis not the outside makes the man, Alas
A man's a man, had he no Note on's face.

Your Lapidaries nor unfeen note,

The rarest Jewell in a ragged Coat:

This Gentleman whose double duty serves you,
For ought I know, is one that well deserves you.

Forsake your eyes here, and trust to your eare,

Hee's sober, steady, staid, and fit to steare:

In this tempestuous age, hard hap betides

Such vessels as have green heads for their guidess

But you shall ride midst proud waves secure,

Hee being Pilot, And you Cynosure.

I could both name the parties, and the places,
Had bargaines tolle enough of the faire faces,

Nor yet is liking allways beauties child,

Some have more wit then fit to be guild:

Beauties a blossom, and so quickly fled,

Tis scarre possesse, ere it be vanished:

Strike while the Iron's hot Col. least you find

The Proverb-true, occasions bald behind.

To me the man seems passing lovely, Tush,

His beauty's inward, Good wine needs no bush

Hee's rich enough to make the world his debtor

Love, and lay hold then, seldom comes a better,

I had more writ thus much, but that I know

Your parents own it, and advise you so,

Vvhose directory pleasure but fullfill,

And you do well, though you do ne're so ill:

Read, and revise these lines, sweet Col. least you

Vvhist you your self make fast, your self undoes.

These lines were written for a young woman, and are addressed to her.

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To

To a faire Lady,

M A D A M

HARD is the task to write to such as you,
For if I give you but what's in me, you're due,
Such as are unacquainted with your worth,
Are apt to say, I highly set you forth;
Whilst these that know you, must conclude, with

meet,

Your praise above the straine of flattery.
They that never saw the glory of the Sun,
Would think the Moon, lights only partisone;
So such, to whom scarce a good face is knowne,
Measure your beaumfull beauty by their owne;
Whilst, saw they but your face, As in amaze
Theyd worship, what they wonder I so praise:
Could you (faire soule) but parcell out your

graces,

There were enough to enrich a thousand faces
And leave your selfe such store, as (though your
light,
Have made them starres) you'd still be Queen of
night;

But hold my Muse, my paper is halfe done
And I have scarce her story yet begun.
But that would ask (to tell you what I think),
A world of paper, and a Sea of Inke,
Of Inke said I? Inke alas! would make that,
A spotted fame, that is immaculate,
No, I will rather never write at all,
Then mention her, who is all-sweet, in gall:

(39)

Hes that the Bow-bell of her praise would ring,
Must pluck a pinecon from a Seraphim's wing,
And write in Nether till her fame appeares
An anthem to the musick of the spheres.
But to leave what only my wish effects,
My fancy to whats feasible directs;
I'll rob the Swan of her white quill and then
With the same pen-knife that I make my pen,
He lance my purple veynes, and therewith write
Her story, like her self in red, and white.
And when my bloud-ha's all forsook my veynes,
Let mee but be her Marrye for my paines.

To my Mistresse.

SO love me ever all yee powers divine;
As I love her, whom hope perswades is mine:
Rich then and happie were I, thus to winne
A Beauty, Heaven without, and Heaven within.
Had I the world (as Alexanders heire)
Left mee, a patrimony high, and faire
Enough yee'd think, yet I for all this store,
Except shee whom I love, love mee; am poore.

The

The middle Sister.

FAIREST,

One nature seems to make your Sisters stand
At handmaids, that attend on either hand;
To right, or left I turne nor, Poets say
The middle is the best, and safest way.
I view the Temples, and I find them three,
But still the middle Temple goes for mee:
Your Sisters are like banks on either side,
Whilſt you, the Chryſtall ſtreame, betwixt them
glyde;

Tis light at morn, and when the day declines,
But yet, the brightest Sun at midday shinnes;
Methinks your Sisters stand on either ſide,
Like Bride-maids, you in middle like a Bryde,
Doubt leſſe in you the middle grace I ſee
On this ſide Faith, on that ſide Charity;
My fancy ſeems to dictate to my ſence
A Cawſway, twixt two Ditches or its fence.
The ſmooth and ſilent floods, in middle flow,
But the shores murmur; cause thwater's low,
And now I tell you, but what the world knows
Full well, betwixt two Nettles liſt a Rose.

The Joviall Journey.

Up Phabus up, and guild the horizon,
 For love, and beauty, are a progresse gone.
 Stand not to gaze, lefft thy too curius eyen
 A fairer Daphne, in this Costly espise;
 And thou great Prince of winds roushfafe to us
 The gentle gusts of sweet breath'd Zephirus;
 Come yee auspicious Choristers of the wire,
 Let these faire Ladys see yee pranice faire,
 Chep up: (sweet Syren of the Woods) here feare
 Here is no Tercus, come be merry here,
 And if she dust, it selfe too proudly teares,
 Some gentle Cloud rebuke it with its teares:
 Let the Earths green Phisly, and Rosculat Marres
 out yee
 The brighter Orbs, of the frost warthing skie,
 Let every brook present somē pretty toy,
 And every heuge be lin'd with travelllets joy,
 Grant fates, no inauspicious hare may chance
 To croise, yee, through unlucky ignorance;
 But as the morning, so the evening may
 Answer the beauty of a glorieus day.
 Then Sun, Wind, Birds, Raine, Earth and flowers
 conspire

A harmony, next the Celestiall Quire,
 And when friends mett, be your embises such
 As lovers, that each minuts absence grutch,
 Whil'st all that see, admire your greeting
 As if the body met the soule in blide.

To

To my Rival.
Presenting my Mrs. Gold upon
Her Journey.

How now (my heart of gold) what mean these
Hast brokē thy heart and & given it her in pccesē
Or didst thou throw thy gold into her lap,
A ransom for thy ignorant escape?
Wouldst else be in the list of fame enrolld,
To court thy love like Jove in hours of gold.
State-policie in faith, they winc the Towers,
That shoot gold bullets at the Governours.
Thou hast good reason too, to use this fort,
Of golden battery, so strong a fort.
Belive me, this was a well cover'd bayt,
You hope, thee will in loves exchang repay't.
I hope so so, saich it was fancy sport,
Should you not get her portion mortgag'd fort.
T'may be you were in teare to loose it, and
Made an assurance office of her hand,
Or did the charmefull sparkles of her eye,
Dant your faint hart int' a delivery?
Goe charge the country then, for it was done
Iam your witness betwēen sun, & sun:
You that your gold thus to a virgin yeild,
Doubtless a bush had robēd you in the field;
How if some thief should steale away her heart,
And of her portion take thy gold in part?
This were a double miserie, for then you
Loose both your gold, and your adventure too.
T'may be you think you have good anchor-holde,
And in her pocket's bottom thrust your gold.

Maldens

Maidens are muttable, bewise, & evill up
The wind, & waves, not more unconstant are.
But you have balanc'd her with gold, lefft me
Should suffer shipwreck in her levitate.
Faith you abuse your selfe, and her much more
To give her mappes, Give it to a whore;
For I must answer for her, shee don't carrie,
The needy garb, of one that's mercenary;
I wonder thee would take, But 'tis an old
Proverb, that none but madfolke refuse gold.
But all the world (should you be now deforred)
Would say At foole and a money is soone parted

*Vpon a Porter Catching a
Gentlewoman as shee past by him.*

Last night a Porter, standing by the pye,
At Algate, saw a handsome lass com by,
To whom he flew with all his speede to court her,
I wonder, for shee did not call a porter.
Still he did hugg, and in his armes enfold her,
As if he meant to heave her on his shouler;
Hee wound her so, a stander by strait swore,
Some gentleman had sent him for a whore.
Shee calld him rogue, and sure shee calld him right,
Yet hee, shee should not goe, lware by his light.
Porter said I take heede, though shee be not,
Too heavy, sirrah, shee may be too hot.
Besides shee's of your trade, And free, shee beares
As many burthenes as you for your yeares:
Though with this difference, shee beares her packe,
Upon her belly; yea upon your backe.
Yee both weare baggs, distinguisht the same way,
With Fryers shee of black, and you of grey;

Yea.

You have a pad, and shoe, for ought I saw,
Was like enough to have a pad ith straw.
You have a Cord you do about you cast
Shoe had a cordic robe about her waist:
Both have your aprons. Say you have a stock
So shee has, that will rime to it, a fyncked ring of
Shees call'd upon, and calls upon her too
Sometimes a Porter such a knave as you.
But I perceive you well where so shee ply'de
And had the fit cotic on you now to ride:
If not, you are a lafie lebby right,
To struggle with a bushion was so light.

At a Tapsters wedding.

Faith I will tell you now a prettie trick i' th' tow
This Tapster, gat the wench just in the nick,
Shee was, say thete! But why should I beloath
To tell the truth? shee was, as light as frosty
Heate I perceive, the Proverbs somer mon crost,
For since that's light, does not dyce upp or most.
Shee had been broacht a hundred times before,
No matter, he had gapt as many more;
Shee's modest though, as I'm an honest man
Shee blusthes, just like any Cedar can.
And cause sheel be a smirking rogue, shee sweare
sheel snatch the smiles from all the laughing-bere,
But theres enough of her, lees kisse the Cup
And if her Husband wones weel stop her up.
At the last part, hie was so cranky, his gearre
Out of his Cudgeore, flew like bottle-bere,
Going to no bus, wold to anotherere. But

But she hapling the worst did clasp her thigh
 Close to the seat that here a drop went by.
 She was a christy wench he got from Wapping,
 That thought it sin to loose the scat rap-dropping.
 I heard her say my sole though he should kill her
 Up to the brim he should not want a killer:
 She told him of his wenching too, and swore
 Unless he left it, she would quit his score;
 Nor should he ramble up and down the Town
 Nor draw through day (fall it but her own
 Faith if you do, (and cut an Oath she lashes)
 He find you out among your balderdashers.)
 And if your tralops must not be forborne,
 He break your pots; And make you drink in horne.
 But I end the jest adding one more of our pastime.
 See here the spigge's marrige to the fayre

H

Summer.

Naked fast their blis, and they are young,
 Summer is the substance, winter the shadow,
 Summer is Youth in sprightly equipage,
 Winter's a decrepit crone, soleil's Age,
 Sol's auras besmes to guild the worlds valleye,
 Twere small mistake to call the golden age;
 Summer all praise, wherneed it then a frost
 To speak it faire? since who know dought else, how
 I might imbellish summers sweet complexion,
 Call Winter death; Summer the resurrection,
 And when my tale with all my art is told,
 What will the world conclude my news, but old?

Nor

Nor is it more then children use to say,
 A summers evening is a winters day.
 But like abruptly off, and what I have,
 Begun absurdly, as absurdly leave;
 Least I goe scale the spheares, and blinde with light
 Set in a cloud & simply say, Good night:

In praye of winter.

Honour and Age inhabit the same spheare;
 Winter is the antiquity of the yearre:
 Grave signiour Hyems, to his hoary pare,
 And snowy beard, denounce his aged state.
 See but how like a statye traveller,
 Northward hee comes; Autumne's his harbinger,
 That bids the trees unmasek, unyeyle their creastes,
 That he may read subission on their breasts:
 Whilst their green offspring londly talk, to greet
 The potent presence of his stable feet.
 The gawdy bankes pack up alas! here comes
 No midwife April, to unteemid their wombs.
 Nay here the shovr'd downe waters stand amaz'd,
 Rivers are Chrystallin'd, Neptunes hall is glaz'd,
 Spouts have their pendants, poultry thatch receiveth
 Translucent Chrystall, And adorne his Eaves.
 Is't a fable, but I here presume
 To justifie, that Jove descends in plume,
 And that the stupid Earth may know he comes,
 The Heavens send downe whole showeres of sugar
 plums.
 Whiles trees are pav'd with Pearl; like summer
 boast
 Such pomp, such eates, and all my praise is lost.

But here's not all of winter; you shall see
 His provides for mortall wights, whilst hee
 Locks up the graine in boosome of the Earth,
 Till Ceres blesse it with a thriving birth.
 How would the blade endure th' Aolian rugges,
 But winter guards it, with his snow-white rugge?
 We may conclude his power, in that he can
 Enjoyn the Ales a penance as a man.
 The launcie Dust checks into mud, and mire,
 Merits no mention, our reports are higher:
 Summer breeds surfeites, and infects the blood,
 Winter is haile againe, and makes all good:
 Is beauty of esteem? then winter can
 Roast, hee abstergeth Summers freckled tan:
 Ladies so spruce to captivate mens sight,
 Borrow March winds to make that sprukenesse
 white.
 Winter makes men couragious, who dare
 Dance upon Thetis lap at midsummer.
 In Summers dayes even length, and laziness meet
 Winters are short, The Proverbs, short and sweer,
 Theres none so bad to be callid dayes heret.
 No mo we move not in so base array,
 No scorching Sunne checkes, dry shewthayd T
 With a good faggot made, Summers day,
 What entertainment to a winter boarre at play.
 What Chymnie, pray, can finde at Jule boarre?
 Summer alas hath no Aeolian breath,
 To rescus his perishing souls from death,
 Flame-colour'd hearth, even ready to expire,
 Looks pale as ashes, Sol puts out the fire,
 Trees strait are lopt then and their yettant boughs
 Borrow'd, to border ovt the Chymnie hooches,
 Set out with trunks of trees, stumps, stynes and all,
 As if the Chymnie were some Hospital.
 In winter time the hearth stands after wife,
 And men with hands credded sacrifice.

VVhilst

Whil'st in ground are priests of mead,
Ingenious anthems to their grape-crown'd May
In winter then as cold frost make a split,
In Summer they're glad of such a drift,
Winter bath boyld, and bathe, and roast,
Summer turves men, as men do beasts, to graze
VVinter makes warres of teal, who would not
If peace and plenty have no praise, then what
I might enlarge my selfe But that farre may,
Suffice to travell on a winters day,
VWho likes not this, a gods home let him run
Out of Gods blessings, into the warm sun.

Upon Yorkshire Ale.

PON take your Yorkshire Ale,
I did so, first my selfe
That shew had like to have
Beside, to demand, a thousand
Pounds of dillish hamour,
As it had almost splicance,

Now hang thee sike of York,
Thou giv' us neither Cork,

Nor yet convenient wedges;
And know if thy wylc work,
Is wont to make us squort,

Over a thopland hedges,

3. *That men should sit and fuddle*

In such a sink of puddle

And to, and fro to put her

Such Ambrosia sucks

Company of Ducks

Out of a filthy gutter.

4.

For my part Ile get bay'e

And in my belly lay'e

Having drunk this dirty boud;

What ere my palat feele's,

There cannot but be Eels,

When there is so much Muddc,

Nomarl' such nappie stufce,

At falling Sand, and Ruffe

Throughout the City, haunts iagainst

When I drink any more,

Then call mee such a whore,

Asile call her that launts it.

6.

Doubtless the men are mad

Where water may be had

That soop such salty gore.

Some call it a remedy

Against the Spurte, but I

Have laid a stone at doct;

To humour palats, But for mine alone
 Give mee your dealing and your drink right down,
 Haye at thee then (my boy) for a blych pull,
 VVee'l wrap our noses up in thy Lambs wool:
 And when our Cups advance a lostic hemme,
 VVee'l hum thee up John of Hierusalem.

The Postscript. To the precedent Poems.

But what? your angry, twas not my intent
 To slay the Lamb; or hurt the innocent.
 VVhist! whist for shame! least people as they passe
 Say, Look yee there dwells Ba-ti-lem and his Ale,
 Come Jack be wise and thy self sober keep
 And thou shalt be mine Host, when they are Sheep
 Tel them the reckning twice twelve pence a pecc'e
 I'll warrant thee that thou shalt get their fleeces;
 And let them then come, and laughthee to scorne
 VWhen thou hast turn'd them out, like sheep nos
 shorn.

In Commendation of Yorkshire Ale.

Woman be nimble, and let's see thy craft,
 My early stomach craves a morning draff;
 Bring me that Indian pot whereto I may sipp
 The Nectar of black Cleopatras lip:

The

To my right well reckoned host
at the Lamb.

My host, or shepheard which is fitter title
Since you keep sheep, though in the barley pyule; ✓
They say, ther's many a well provided ramme
Comes to turne of his horne with your sweet
Lamb

The fallow Ewes when the Tops are fied,
Set toot, and sweare theyle drink all weathers dead.
This though, is much complain'd of, that you keep
An old brown Curre to worry all your sheep.
Nay more, as some report that have been there,
There is a kinde of magick in your beer;
And *Nodus pectus* drawes it too, or else
It turns your sheep to foxes first, And then
A game at Noddy, Theres your sheep agent:
Sure Circe taught thy Cup this cunning charm.
To metamorphose with so little harm.

But stay! you keep a Scriv'ners shop wite think
Wheres pipes for pens, and best here, serve for
Jnk;
I have clerks too, and industrious laddis, for Some
Run, making of Indentures all th' way home.
Else bedding with the Lamb, they rub their eyes
And shake their Eares, and with the hooke they rise.
He come and see thee faith mine host, perhaps
Bring thee as many guests, as thou hast raps.
Then wormwood, Succory, Scurvy-graie, & Sage
With Lemon, shall advance in Aequi page

To

The marrow of Malt: where the aut-brown roall
 Smiles in the flowrie Ale, whose mirthfull-hoast
 Makes mee turne Marriner, and bittcher saile
 To court the confines of this famous Ale.
 This noble Ale, this wort substantiall liquor,
 That chears the Stade, and makes the Genious

~~gallant,~~
 Ideots a ship board sick, accuse the Seas,
 Whilst their own towle stomachs are the disease
 So foole's pick quarrell with pure cleansing Ale
 Because it doth Sir reverence wring their tailes
 Mine thinks this Ale, and the old wile agree,
 So well, as Hens and her Nurse I see.

Would but good fellows meet, our daylie club
 Should set the Sisters at the Danas tubs
 But stay, I feare, while I thus idolize
 The shife of Ale, I but enhance the price,
 Be therfore this sufficient to be said,
 Alive tis Ale, And aqua vite, dead.

Upon a hungry gutted Porter.

NO marvell Chapman falls so to the scrap,
 The first, and best part of his name is chap:
 Which if a man but spell, he easily can
 Perceive more letters go to Chap, then man:
 Yet this is allbut mirth, although perhaps
 He may concern, I take him on the Chap:
 Well if I do my frolick into swape him again
 My nimble braine, against his nimble chap:
 Yet this by way of leave ile addt, a more
 Insulting poster never kept a dore.

How

How should he ope it? for hee never hearez
If it be true, The belly hath no cares.

E. B. To his noble friend, that gave
him a new paire of Boots,
and Gloves.

Ods foot.

Never drew on a compleater Boot;
The blushing top makes me top gallant, and
Me thinks I do on beds of Rose's stand:
Nay even the very Jaggis do seem to owe
Their orient tincture to the Sonnes of Bow:
Nor can I think but Jove-Law-Mars's hide
Was purchast, to compleat this Ocrean pride
Who having beene the thunderers Curteian,
Blushes to triu it with the Calves of man:
The wax was borrowed from the Lillyes bed,
And the three Sisters spun, and cut the thred,
The Boot in the exact st'mode dush set
All (in a word) upon top to see? is neat,
As for the Shoemakers can plainly tell,
For one hee never saw, hee fits me well.
Your Gloves too make me spruse, as Jobe a Gent
Protest (sweet Sir) you are right Cordeuant,
For you have given mee Boots, and Gloyes to
boot
What shall I say? y'have bound mee, hand and
foot.

A. B. to his Shoemaker.

Sirra looke to't I shall reduce your pride,
 Rip up your seguarie and raw your hide.
 My weather long shall apt a time for th' nene
 To fireatch the lachets of your logger sconce.
 You were too high i'th' anſſep, I'm afraid,
 Your leſſineſſe will ſoone be underlaid;
 Crispine coucht in a ſhoemakers diſguife,
 Caufi noſte to haſe to cheſt inquiring eyes.
 Tē to fit mee ſhould Crispin come to doe't,
 Crispine, by Jove hee came bare to my foot,
 And deſt thou wretch to reach this head of mine,
 Muſter thy bridle as the Porcupine.
 Her quilk preſumptuous trash, I could affor',
 To ſend the challenge to the cutting board;
 New vamps your mapes', & ſhate modifi bee,
 Leaſt Paſſe me ſearch you on a croſſe grained tre:
 Where being once ſet up, tiſton to one,
 You'll find it harder to come off then one:
 Villian avant, henceforth ſc'e looke to have
 The laſh of my ſouſance y' have plaid the knay.
 Noe ho'e, I view your bill and where I ſet,
 The very place where ſayd ſpoon pitcheth he'e.
 But make your mache, pray of what is put,
 Fellow belov'd of me y' ye hardly our bill.
 And that the world may ſee in every line,
 I ſet the love, as thou haſt ſet the ſit.
 Thus I haue tranſlated thou, god, caſend
 Thy bill y' ſpun thred, to make a Coblers end.

the Land, com land 721 (Vol 1. Jan 1801)

Vpon his giving a payre of shooes to
get the former paper answered.

Silly, and senselesse, knockt thare heads together,
To forge a foolish answer, knowing neither.
To whome, nor how, bany they wold blurt forth,
One thing, that men might see their want of wryte,
The bray you in my morre foole, and then,
Take yee a pastime for the wort of men,
Inparsee yee vissells, base absurd,
With Albus Gracum, and the Divellis turd,
Compound yee up into a pochy pill,
With C. & G. & D. & Sasseperi,
And Saffron, whilst all that see yee, shall
Say yee are rogues Alekipharmacall.

I hope it shall suffice, when I have brought
Your bodyes into stomes, worse then sought,
Some fishwives kill your fancies, taught ye young
The fabulous dialekt of Billings gate.

Yet I lik't your taile timber for it,
The just in time as I had lift to fit
Ceremonie then end these farras,
And your Poet after like mine A—

Or didst shou think up no revengy to climbe,
By a poore mercenary, hacking ryme, (stretch,
That thou couldst thy letherrie purse-stringe
Into the latitudo my braines would reach)

Why, poore foole ! when my legge satyr combe,
Wash your hat, and scrape your answer, mountaine,
Wouldst thou buy lines, to answer mee thou lopp
Whate, tillt cost thee all the shooes ith shop.

Alice Goffe,
A poore woman taken stealing soape.

Why how now woman? what's the news belike
 You serve'd the grocer but a flipp'ry tick.
 Twas very cheap, nay merr'y you must thrive,
 If we pay ten, if you get under five.
 But say, they say the grocer turn'd his eyes,
 And you stole, both the custome, and excise;
 And well enough you did, but a rope
 The mischeif's lyt, you should have left the soape.
 You made well way with'e, being but a reache,
 But have a care, ith end 't may cost a streech.
 You know the roven, t'is a true as old,
 If the one chance to slip, t'other will hold.
 Alas you never could have stol'nne a badder,
 Commoditie, Soape brings you to the ladder.
 You think to have'r with a wet finger, but
 A cleanly theife had better be a flue.
 Come, Come, lay the haggis leisure pray, I have
 As good as you doth wash with Lincolnethrie soape.
 If you steale soape to make your clothes so fine,
 Youle bring your selfe, as well as them, to th'line.
 Yet I confesse, twas picke goody Goffe,
 Stealing goss soape, you came no clearyer of.

(77)

To my Noble Friend.

This after-noon your riding Boots and bands,
Your good grey cloak, and Gloves came to my
hands;
The Gloves were trim, the Cloak most purely
feeleſ,

The bands, and Bootbands tyde me neck like ſilk.

To the ſame Gentlemen defiring my
verſes upon any price and on

Price? one speak, what price may due you
think?

A peice of paper, and a little ink, and paper
If you like our pooreſt merchandise, give us
Traſhick, and your acceptancē is the price.
For me, I think it ever is justice made,
So long as you ſind Boots, that we ſale them
Sir in a word, your love returnes with ours,
Our ſuit accepted was, and ſo is yours.

To a Schoole maister
In excuse of his Scholler O. Green.

This dusky wome the youthwas in vifit
Pardon good Sir, in truſh the boy is Green.

January

To my valued friends at New year's
gift.

Hall that Myrcheimick touches, shined not
My new years gift should now be such
Europ should it admire: But I
Talk of Larks in a falling skie;
In stead therefore of hopeless pelfe,
Deyne but acceptance, and my selfe
Am your oblation, but alas!
How shall this gift for currenys pass?
Since what I here present unto you,
Being given you long a goe I owe you;
Since then our gifts prove empty dishes,
Wee furnish them with whelom wishes:
Our selfe be this, where ere you come,
May you but view, and overcomme^{to looke} A
Weed with gall-yewes, brambles, briars,
But that may set y-sounde with it one, solleit
May shee that moves your amorous thin
Be bewised, and your prifher try to quell
And let her unconquerid fires
Foment your desperado deires,
May favoring heaven, lend her no rest.
On thy Pillow but your breast,
And when glad Hymen, holy twine,
Hath clapt her lilly hand in thine,
Then let thine amies at once enfold
Fair Helens face, and Daraes Gold:
May all her care, and study be
To please, and be belovid of thee,

And to eternize mortall fader,
Heavens make her such as thou woldst have her
I envie any foes shall make yee,
Be this their curse, A Good yeare take yee.

A L E.

Is this that Ale to which the Dyets flew,
So fast, to wadd their Copper noses blow,
Bredding old things Cut their bare bosome
With Ramis-heads, spite of Rainbowes in their haire.

Then give us Ale.

Is this that jolly juyce, those bowsing brants
Soake in, And on their shouder set their pates
With Ramis-heads, spite of Rainbowes in their haire

Then give us Ale.

Is this that York Johnn Bullis ale to confound;
And send away the Weavers shoules abownd,
That they could neither finde nor stek the ground.

Then give us Ale.

Is this that temple, where the weavers lay
To meet the merry Merchantes, day by day,
And double Ale their sing le stuffe away.

Then give us Ale.

Is this that somuch vallet of Northon being
For which both singulations and singer come
Is this that Lancay — times? so — but whom?

(80)

Then give us Ale.

It shis that Ale that makes you dyers be
So oft from home pray tell me where were yee?
She did all be hang'd that from their Colours bee

Then give us Ale.

Is this that same that did so much besot
The toasted Comber, as he quite forgot
His own, And now calls for the other pot?

Then give us Ale.

Yes give us Ale, for now I finde it true,
That Merchants, Weavers, Combers, Divers too,
And all the world, this liquor turnes true bleeu;

Then give us Ale.

Ay for your Pyes his unspeyned wishes
Ale, that the Queen were such Ale as this is,
That yee, and all true trouts might drink like
fishes.

Then give us Ale.

And forold Marconi that Northerne monk,
Being part, such Aleas free brews, free drinke.

— — — — —

— — — — —

Adieu.
All Pryday, to my neighbours house I stepte,
To see what Hospitalitie he sterte;
Soon I espide his Chimnie like a Maiden
In the green fiftie, with her colour fadling,
Blushitise, and bleaste, only hartin they stever
This a nummick Palice bath, and that a Peavry
Neighbour

Neighbour said I, your Chymnies to be let
 Why Sir youoch bee, you see no bill ent yet;
 Well then, laid I, to put you out of doubt,
 I guesse so; caute your sic is going out.

To the World.

Some say Denialion made the World
 Repuleus, with stones he huld
 Over his shoulder; On my life and may xlvi
 Tis false, Hee huld them ore his wife,
 And ever since 'thas been the fashion,
 So to hurle stones in generation.

O. P. to A. C. that oversold him a Horse to
 pay him at the day of his marriage, he
 being contracted and to marry with
 in ten dayes: O. P. not drea-
 ming of any such matter.

Why how now Postie what up in the Cottch?
 Had I suspected yours, 'thad been no match.
 Look how the Proverbs crost, you basily bend
 To marry, yet not you, but I spent.
 How have my starres my credulous hopes still crost?
 You ride a cockhorse; I must pay the Post.
 Hence I the creame of the conceit espie,
 You were though cleare, as hot upant as I;
 But I had smelt you out, and lope your coulter,
 And I had as much forecaft as my horse.
 What will men say to whom this storys told?
 For I and not my horse, am bought and sold.

You

You have my mone, and I hope wch it
 That I have paid for both your horse, and mit.
 Whist ic must be of all the world content,
 On your side a good bargaine, mine, good mit.
 But don and part, I shall revile no wife,
 But take my beast, Sir, as you take your wife.
 Who in herein I presume I make my debtor,
 You, double paid, must do your work the better:
 In brief tis thus, neither better nor worse
 You up, and ride, and I must hold your horse,
 Whilst I conclude as sad experience teaches,
 Not only you, but your horse over-reaches;
 But 'twas so close, so lightly brought about,
 Neither my horse, nor I would stumble't out.
 Yet thus much might be spoken on my side,
 Selling your horse, who'd think you meant to ride?
 But was my error to conceive you Jackt

A Nag, your wife I hope found one well back,
 I might have lookt him in the mouth I see,
 Neither your horse, nor you are over-free;
 My bargain, Sir, was hard, and you have done me
 Some injury with mine own horse. Your summe
 But yet if your civility exceds
 To this requitall, we are absolute friends;
 Since you are hee, whom I did so confide in,
 You, I only, lend me your old boots to ride in.

*Upon the name of the same horse
 being called Butler.*

B u t l e r: why that sounds draft horse, but I
 say thou canst scarce draw thy legs a
 piece.

But yet thy crafty Master laid a ginn
And thou, and he, made shift to draw me in.
But Treg will tell thee these are things of course,
Synes could do it with a wooden horse.

**PseudoPoeta in a paper of false verses
inveying against Tantalia for her
Spring-tales.**

Shall I condigne Tantalia, and not you?
Her tales were false, your verses are not true.
Be gentle pray, you seem to have forgot
The proverb, whilst the kill upbraid the pot.
Come, yee are guilty both, of oversight,
Neither your verses, nor her tales are right,
Yea I could show you too as many slips
In your false feet, as in her faltering lips;
But I excuse yee both, for you perchance
As well as shee, did it in ignorance.

Veniam petimus dabimusque.

**Upon ——— his Picture
Prefixt to his Almanack.**

What base aspect is this? Didst thou devile
This baggy look, to be thought wester
wise?

Gypie,

Gypsies doe just the same, they get an ill
 And counterfeit complexion, that's their skill.
 But thou, as thine owne patron didst advance
 This front; A lye had need of stowkencance,
 Whence, by the by, no wiser man undertakes,
 The patronage of any almanacks,
 Yet I durst sweare, ther is, if truth were known,
 Nothing in thine, but the fooles face skinc owne.
 That preface false and foul nor is that yet
 Thine owne, but like the rest they counte it true,
 But mumm, since I have lately understande,
 That you with the fowre hundred prophetic good,
 Yet thus b^r way of caution, tak heed how,
 You sell a lye, And let a face, off^r soone.

To Mr. — upon his
fif^r Epitaph in print.

But didst thou pump this lamentable stuff?
 Print the lines are pittifull enufse;
 Th' are somewhat shallow, but if thou wouldest keepe
 her
 Immortall, let th^r engraver sink them deeper.
 Thou, for the funerall, didst thy verses sort,
 A men doe sugar plum's, some long, some short:
 "I was goodluck, though, they to thearre were pin'd
 Else being lame tha'd sure been left behin'd;
 But have a care, lefft with affront you greet,
 The collenell, to send his wife a sheeu;
 Sure she was rich enough, to leave be hindre her
 Other gaye stuffe, then thy sonle shew, to wind her.

Didst thou intend this sing song to her honour?
 Thoudst plaid the Sexton, & thrown dirt upon her.
 Thou shouldest have lighted too, thy dismall dashes
 At the next torch, and cry'd alches so, alches.
 Then, as her profit, or poest choose you whether,
 Thou didst bury'd same, and body both together.
 Hadst thou soupe lack, it would have brought thy
 chymes.

In better tune and taught thee lofierry mes.
 But ah! thy, muddy fancy showes me clear.
 Thou stodd'st among the beggers, serv'd with bear.
 Thou Jst borer brooke an elegiac jeas.
 And made an affidavit woxing sp.
 Yer twas well done to avouch it with thy name,
 Less honest men should suffer for thy shame.
 Thou say'd thy belly shak'd when thou didst myr,
 I think so too, the dixet a verse was right.
 When my ill fortune's dead, and I world laugh,
 Ile lehd lor thee to yerk an Epitaph.
 They wouldest be born a Poet, and Attorney,
 Alas thy braines won't serve thee halfe the journey.
 Wouldst be a poet and attorney? Harke
 What Iadvise, Learne first to be a clark.
 But here's enough; hee that writ this, hee knowes,
 That nysse never dwellic Silly Howie.

On ihe Gun-powder treason.

Now, footes! how think yee is there not a God?
 Ask but your backes, that smalx with your quare
 rod.
 When yee peepat'd this cup, did yee then think,
 The dreggs should be the draught your selves must
 drinke?

Doublefesse, yee'd not have dig'd so deepe a pitt,
 Had yee but dreamt your selues should hanself in?
 How black was this eclyps; what mean't yee by't?
 A flame, and yet no light; twas hell fire right.
 VVas ever vulcan mismatch with such a horne?
 But hee that sate in heaven laught yee to Scorne.
 VVhat at one blow both court and commonwealthe? pitch
 "Twas but a fальfe, a Cal-gala's wile.
 Yea but false fire, by heaven the touch hole was,
 So stopt the flame could not to th' bagrell passe.
 Blest be the churches great protector for'e!
 "Twas yee gave fire, but wee gave the report.
 Infernall Angells fight with Gabriell,
 And heaven it selfe scarres undermin'd by hell.
 But O how vainely the black brood of night,
 Mariall their mates against the sonnes of light.
 Fear not *Babulus*. *Holofernes* shall,
 Be dead drunk, and by his owne fawchin fall.
 Goliabs boasts are breathlesse, mercileske *Mydias'*
 Must buckle to the brandishit blade of *Gideon*. (knock
 VVee need not feare, nor care wee though hell
 Qui-temple's built on an impregnable rock;
 Preserv'd by providence. Babellabratz may kick
 But never move our heaven fixt candle stick,
 The Romes must ruine Rome; tis not your gynnes,
 Are able to enflame us, but our sinnes:
 Puffe till yee pant againe, alas! fond soe,
 You doe but ashes off our alters biew.
 And whilst your bell-haught plot, your hate reveal
 You don't extinguish, but inflame our zeal.
 The wind, that shakes the boughes, fastens the roote,
 And you confirm us, whilst yee goe about.
 Thus to supplant us, tush! yee doe but hence,
 Endeare us to our God, for new defence.
 But would you be reveng'd? then thus let't be,
 Plot so, as he that made the cyc, may'n't see.

To the right honourable the C^o of
D O R S E T,

Promising a Gentleman her Kinswoman
in marriage.

M A D A M,

The charmeull language from your lips distill'd
 My ravish't cares with heavenly musick fill'd.
 Had I led Love unto your Neces heart;
 And praid him there transfix his keenest dart
 His being blind would have left him exempt
 From penalty, And charg'd the whole attempt
 On my accompt, whose boldnes durst aspire
 (Prometheus like) unto celestiall fire.
 Twere secrilidge, and just such to bereave
 Diana of a Nymph, without her leave.
 Or steal a stare from off his region
 Whilst Phoebe slept with her Endymion.
 I had been fellow to your honourable cloud
 And stolne a cignet from that royall flood.
 Had not your grace first given me my book
 The golden Scepter of your gracious look.
 But now with humble confidence I resort
 To this faire stream, having your warrant for
 Only let me beseech your honour than
 You'd ratifie it with a secondd que[n]d
 Then being arm'd with this encouragement
 My next addresse is to the Lady bent:

My fortunes balance, on whose only breath
Depends the sentence of my life, or death.
If such a match felicitate my life,
He treat her as my Mistresse though my wife.
He study what may please her, and contend,
With face, to make her happy to the end.
As for you gracious madam deign me still,
The clear beames of your ladyships good will:
So shall I be assur'd what I commence.
Shall ripne in such sun light influence:
Meane while no thought shall from my breast arise
But what I dare present as sacrifice.
Thus I returne my selfe to both, whilst shee.
Possesse my heart; your grace commands my knee.

The weavers Memento mori.

An honest weaver willing to make suer
His soule and body with arts ligatur.
Brought him to his trade, and having got
The snack on't, knit them on a weavers knot.
But death a craftie merchant found a brack,
And let him plainly see t'would hould no rakk,
Here's stuffe quoth hee, alas t'will scarfe be worth
The looking on, when I have laid it forth.
Wherg is the fresh gloss, is this the lively red?
You speake of such tis faded, fled, and dead.
Alack and well a day the weaver said,
How dearly have I for this colour paid?
And yet it gives you no content, but I,
Boore I must leye, and leave my work and die.

And once impartiall death where thou dost come,
 Although her cutt of, or conclude the thrum.
 My beame is strong, but strength will not privile
 Gulyah's speare stout as my beame did faile;
 My nimble shuttle flitting here, and there,
 Presents my life's in stalle character:
 Mark but how swift it to its exit tendes,
 So fleetly fly wee all unto our ends:
 It puts but forth, and at its post arrives,
 So doth our death begin even with our lives.
 My globe like wheel about its pole, is hould,
 Just as the heavens are rapt about the world.
 And turning to my filling boy behind me,
 His winding pipes, docs of my wind-pipe mind, mee,
 If hee stand still I must not work, if she ride,
 Will fill not my pipes my work will looke unpaire,
 A constant motion to my trade bylanguisheth me,
 So nature hath her Joome, my breast, my lunges
 My blouds her positing shule swifly flies,
 Through the vteir conduits of my arteries.
 My purple veines her waping is, my haigates
 My tendons bind, my nerves her strakking
 My solid parts, my able bones are some, her
 Appointed beames, some holdfasts of her forme,
 And thus in these owne bones doe all meane
 And women too from, cradle to their grovelling
 Nor cease wee all above a minutes breath,
 Till wee be turned out of worke by death,
 Thus from those instruments by which I earne
 My livelyhood, to dye I likewise learn,
 I looke but on my eycs, And I can read
 In them the seperation of my thread,
 A lasing of my eylours, wher I found
 The lowest, a memours of the ground.
 The fashions teach mee since they keep no stay,
 The fashion of this world passes away,

Come

Come then and welcome death I have enow
Of this yonge world. Its fraile, and draggie foun-
taine can tempre mine eyen no more, come fetch me
home.

Ile give my life, for death; my leome for lame-

To Constantia

Let other ply the oares twixt doubts and feare,
For I am past those rocks, those tydes of teare,
My sullen starre is fallen, warr's past, and I
Ladden with trophies of my victorie.
How did I blise my fare that I did meet?
With one so shye, so faithfull, and so sweet.
My humble ente bower Menesforth to no shire,
(Though Venus were thy rivall) but to thine,
Happy my deareff, happy her may lyce,
Vnder the tropick of thy gracious eye.
Nothing but death shall my firme faith remoue,
Nothing but the cold bore shall coole my loue.
The Gerdeon knot that could nor be unty'd
By sir, did *Alexanders* fward divide.
Our loue knot's faster, nor shall armes, nor
Vnlink the chain of our vnted hearts.
The nooth-eyd sun may chance run retrograde,
And as a Daphne fellow his owne shade,
Heaven may descend to earth, And earth aspire
To Heaven. And water be at peace with fire,
Fishes and fowles may change their elements,
And take a glory in their new contents.
But when I faile, but when I cease to loue,
The center shall from its fixt base remoue,

VVhen I divid the thred our loves have spun,
The streames shall back upon there fountaines run.
This I conclude a possiblie,
I may surg de my name; but never chie.
Ceres cicle; whether art thou gone?
See'st not our hopes into full harwest growne?
Come boonest Bacchus, some let's have a health,
To our best wishes; love hath store of wealth.
View here our vintage, see our blest increase,
Oswelling grapes that only wan't he preesse.
Now Hymen haft, for wee must find in you,
The end of our desires and verses too.

To Eovino.

You bull it Sir, if you meant a prize,
With mello at the boving exerceise.
Push forwardis your good motion Sir, you may,
Engage my landlords cornucopie
But to speake naked truthe the day that you,
Doe not run to the bull, but to the cow.
Vnhere you your selfe in manner of a bull,
Doe give Egrops her white belly full.
And as tis fit you should haueing gone halves
In gesting, now you helpe to keepe the Calves.
But have a care Sir, Stephenes wide gates are near,
You'll run your selfe out ere you be aware;

The

The FLEET

Mr. Thackeray's My Cousin's Tale

*Smile & health
Opposite Main
Attend all health
This Congress month.*

To a drunken Porter creeping into the
Ring to wrastle with a Taylor.

HEY HEY poe valiant Porter, friend, I feare,
That you have somewhat more then you can
beare.

You make mee laugh to see you face and crack,
You puppie, I could beare you on my back.
Out of the Ring unless you were more stout, **M**
The Taylor swears heel ring, or cut you out.
You stand so wavering and so tottering,
As if there were an Earth-quake in the Ring.
And eyc the Taylor, as you would adore him,
Yare so devout you scarce can stand before him.
Do you not heare him say it shall go hard
But at the first touch he'll turne up your yard.
Nor will he use a quarter of his strenght,
To measure all your quarters out at length.
See but his active stout, and able limb,
Porter I see youl never carry him.
Go wrastle with yond tree you dizzie crowne,
More need to hold you up, then bu le you downe.
Had you as many leggs as any boise,
The eyes of Argus, Hands of Dryades,
All would not do it, for like Polyphem,
You would be run down in this drunken dreame,
And in the turping of a hand be founed
As sure as louse in boosome, on the ground.
Cord, scift his hand and see, Then if you can,
Stand toot, and throw the ninth ^{part} of a man
But your athletick ars not worth the trying,
Go ge a man may see where you've been plying

Brave

(95:2)

ve sport, a Porter, and his fox turnd loose
accouster with a Taylor and his goose

Thus I perceive tis fatal to us all

After a justicewhich taketh fall,

When I a dule almane of 1614

A Brewer that promised me a Staggs
Tongue, and dissapointed me!

Now your w^tch markes Sir, what you'll
Your selfe be Brewer, and make me the fool,
Sir you should not need your word to break
sure your beers wont make a Cat to speak.
me come let's hat, without a tongue, I w^t
I will never speak good word of you,
you lo galliard to think by failing
of my tongue, you do prevent my sayling?
have it not, Sir, I can cant my wrong
injured Phylome^l without a tongue.
tongues are unruly members but I fee
you can rule yours, where it should bee
to be fool'd, and basid all along,
will make one speak that had but half a tongue
I perceve the reason now my friend
tongue is fast by the root with Ghetmyne^s
end.

All for peaces sake, pocket up this wrong
I keep my hands off, because you keep yours

coonger a powdered sword, and by the scupper
of my country, I scarce can pull up the poor hand
the other corner, be greted at yester head
I have the Tongue tongued you promised, & co

My

farke flames I feare I shall ere long
 Dives need your cooler for my tongue
 it begins I see to tease, and rend
 like a womans tongue that knows no end
 never be sure then that you stand aloof
 lesse you bring your tongue under my roote
 be you'll say that you have none, but I
 am sure y't one have told me a divillish lye
 am I faine to vindicate my wrong
 writing, because I have lost my tongue.

I am patris telis unlucke fallen thus.

*to this Brewer sending mee halfe a dozen
 Tongues.*

We judge it just that we diftill our Tonges
 In gratitude to you that sent us Tongues.
 We were a little too long tongue'd but you
 have made the tongues fit for our mouths Sir,
 now.

You seem to make us double tongued, for we
 expected but the halfe of what was here.
 Our skill in Phisick makes the Tonges fit the
 Officers for the Tongues were hot and dry
 but wee do wash down such concord
 them swim in beff Beer for the Brewers sake
 The be asts that lost them should not be mott bony
 Then why if we should offer to be mott
 And where on wounding Tongues we could allow
 no paper praise, we cry a longge loude
 thanks then thrice about me Sir. Twice haue we
 had hotongue tyde, wheres your Tongues we lo
 fine.

To my strange Rival, servant to the Sister
of my Mistresse engrossing her
bis name and minne.

The Sestry Jacke Newberry.

Youre but a Jack by Jack & Newberry

To overcharge your selfe, to injure mee
Be not so greedy, you two, and I none?
The time may come youl find enough of one
Neither had been at our desires before
Had you but had your right: and I the left,
Take heed you play not w^t his dog whilst you
Covet the substance, and the shadow too.

Trust mee I must resent this injurie

To ouerdoe your selfe to undoe mee

Tis basenesse in the abstract greedy sinner,
Having thy belly full to crave my danner,
But I perceiv^e no friend, no friend,
For thou wilt burst thy self to starve thy friend.

This folly I have oft in chidren known,

Either two peeces, or they will have none.

And here to the I may it well apply

Tis better fill thy belly, then thy eye.

Traitor and thieff, a rob'd sonel of my Jewell

But for the aside end it in a quelli

And faith I must too, come the worst event

That can be, but by moneths empisement.

And what is that to mee since I must be

Her Prisoner evn in height of liberty,

Say death ensue my challenge? shall I doubt

To dye for her, I can not live without

Faile Not this after noon when we mee

Precise as howe, or Jack a Newberry stand

Your weapons wh^t you pit^eg^t unless my fate

Oppose, the send you home by Cripple-gate.

Kyng Richard the Second to the Duke of York

To a Gentleman that promised, but
failed, to sweet meat an
Ale-draper.

Now halfe an hower past six, and more, & failes
Your friend, a second time? Come give us ale,
Are you all disappointment, is your frame,
And fabrick only such? Go fetch the same.
What I was I bane to wait upon my soule
You wrong my patience; woman, fetch a Rowle.
Your actions are unhandsome, without baile
Or malice, yare condempn'd, go fetch me Ale.
Shall we jodie fith a mording such fair weather?
Go (faith) even fetch a bracc of pots together.
Look, if he come yet; we are sure of these.
Nor yet in sight? goe fetch the Holland Cheese,
What? you don't see him yet? well, a w^ts must call.
For the other dish of Ale, to wash downe all.
March in my black-brow'd pots, untill ye stand
Before me, like an ~~whispe~~ band.
Faith, I am now in, goe to, trye, if yee
~~whispe~~ beauties, be good leachery.
Come then, and give me lip roome, shall I not
Kisse your black lippes? why? lady you kisse the pot;
Yes I must kisse, and friends; for it appereas
My wrath hath made me pull ye by the Eares;
Excuse me, pray, if I my selfe forget,
For all the world can tell, I love the pot,
And therefore this doth my contente beget,
Though I had no luck, I had pot-luck yet.

To another Gentleman, that served
me such a trick.

Not yet, nor yet, and yet the Chimes done going,
Some Beer, and Sugar boyl come, let's be
doing;

My expectations big, come fill away,
Hope is an Anchor, Anchors make us stay,
Hazardous like, until the Clock strike few
I mean to drinck, w'deliver till two,
Nay I'm resolved, if I be alive,
Since I am In, I will not out till five,
Then never gretch at what so e're you heare,
I am no writer, but where there's good cheare,
Sir, Fassiont of chose, that can digest,
Hopefull concepcion; Boy, fetch she best,
Hope is my issue, wherid I m b' guild,
You get it, pray, then answer for the child;
If not, you must, nay faith you shall, be willing
To pay the Music, and that is just smothing,

To a Philomuse from whom I received
a Paper upon the same Subject

Well my good Co^r what the lame fife
That I was hving wifh i dñe with,
To meet the other in my dñe,
The proverbs, good wits jump, we both design
The plot, yet neither knew each others minde.

But didst not think it strange to see,
My part borne in thy Symphonies?
Tru st me, I marveld much at thee,
Nay under *Morpheus* you complaine your *Muse*,
Mine under *Saturne*. *Nobis a gressuosa sona* 200 V

Well fare thy pen, recd to light
This plot, that else had slept in night,
(As dark as *Fau* his *Lanthorn*) might
Should we neglect such mercy? us include
In as high treason, deep ingratitude,

In godamercy for thy sonnet,
Let all Papists ascantons us;
Whilst all Protestants vaile the Bonnet;
But for this time, let thy praise alone,
Least having writ too : I bespeak mine own.

At the Florists Feas in Norwich *Flora wearing a Crown.*

Emlemen welcome *Flora* sayes so too,
For shee had had no feast now, but for you;
Once in a yeare *Appole* deigns a smile,
And gravity it selfe admits a guile;
Mechanicks have their meetings, and as oft,
As the snake tooth to talle turnes, sing a lof.
Dibbers Carowle it to the god of Wine,
And everie bird will have his valentine,
But I had say'd my labour of the rest,
Had I first said, each *Angel* hath his Feast.

How I have been neglected of late yeares,
To you, whom I my judges make, appears;
I shall not stand to tell you, since the seeds
Of discord, I am overgrowne with weeds;

And justly verifie the jokes of those
 Who say, between two nettles, lies a rose.
 Am not I Queen of Zephyr's familie?
 And my rich traine, the earths embroderie
 Are not my daughters the Olympian eyces?
 VVhose more then tortene buster, stellifies
 The muddy face of Oke, gaunting your view
 VVith colours, such as Ims never knew.
 VVieness the feilds, luxuriant in my smile,
 Presents the country every day a guile.
 But tush! I come not here to feast your eyes
 VVith simbles, such as rustick copperies;
 For what alas! are bottles blew, or white,
 Or travellers joy, to citizens delight?

Hence, rusticles, hence yee perty plumes of May,
 Though we're kh and beauty of the spring, away;
 This feast fars not with you, noe these are they
 Shall crowne the tryumph of faire Flora's day:
 The lilly and the rose, shall not be seene
 Amongst us, though of bowers the King, & Queen,
 North. humble violets, These most lively, wee
 Can in the garden of your vertues see.
 Hence gally-lockes, though hand maid of the sun,
 Here's no roome for a pot companion;
 Save such whose pots puffe up with richest earth,
 Are the Incina's of a nobler birth,
 The immortall Amaranth, shall not here be shewn
 Nor her, who fancy'd no face but his owne:
 These are our toyes, our trifles, But now, wee
 Come to uncabinet our treasure,
 The lustrie and the country gallant too,
 As pledges of our loves present wee you,
 The Spanish, French, and Welsh infantes we
 Commanded for their unmatcht varietie.

The painted *Lady*, (think it though no saint
no her beauty, for tis natures paine)
The rare *Diana*, not shee whome we find
In the wild woods, noe, this is garden kinde;
On whom a man may looke, and, smiles importune,
Without the danger of a horned fortune.
Next this sweet dame, There's the *Begroverene*,
The lovely *Cornelia*, The peer lessie *Grampere*,
Deckemakers white, Taunies cumbers carnation
The flowers which nothing want but admyration.
The *Murrie*, *Mullion*, and the *Baljudike*
Were plenteous want of wisdome not to like;
The faire *Amelia*, the *Nymph Royall*, and
The *Turks cap*, the *adonis*, the *Le grand*,
The *Hugonant*, *Appelles*, and *French marble*,
In such whose praise, a phylomele should warble.
The *Oxford* had atteneded on the crowne,
But that to tell you truth he's out of towne.
Here's the gray *Hule* though, and white *Carnation*,
Would challeng more then common commendation.
The *Vannacker*, the black imperiall
And *Crystall* too, the mirrour of them all,
Both *Wiggons*, low, and loftie, *Angelot*:
The *Stranger*, the *Catemer*, and what not?
The *Duke of Venice* prelence here you see,
And *York* the flower of the nobilitie.

Thus gentlemen hath, *Flora* told her storie,
If you can find a wish yet ask for more.
And yet (propitious soule) before you leave her,
Shee vows to bring you in the *Prince's favour*.
Did yee but met, when *slops* were in towne
She them had given you every one a crowne.
But did I call the *Lillie king* of flowers?
Out of all doubt then these are emperours.
If those be starres then these are planets suet,
If these but shine; those fimples are obscure.

Heres colour upon colour, you may seek
 A field to match the graces of one check;
 But I shall add no more, save only thus,
 That here Comparison is odious.
Ceres, and *Bacchus*, promis'd to be here,
 And the best brewer sent us In our bese:
 Since thenere neither wants Beer, Wine, nor
 gueſſ,
 Flaggons and flowers shall flow at *Flora's* feast,
 Let chearly Cups crown a carowſing day;
 Ambrose shall broach, ye the *Ambrosia*.
 Your eyes see *Flora's* heaven and that your eare
 May feaſt too, hark *Apollis* moves the ſpheares.

The Song

X

*S*tay ! O stay ! ye winged howers,
 The windes that ransack East, and West,
 Have breathid perfumes upon our flowers,
 More fragrant then the *Phœnix* nest:
 Then stay ! O stay sweet howers, that yee,
 May withſle that, which time ne're ſee.
 Stay a while, thou featherd Syrth-man,
 And ſtend the Queen of flowers,
 Show thy ſelf for once a blyth man,
 Come dilpence with a few howers:
 Else we our ſelves will stay a while,
 And make our paſtime, *Time* beguile.
 This day is deign'd to *Flora's* uſe,
 If yee will revell too, to night
 Weel preſſe the Grape, to lend ye juyce,
 Shall make a deluge of delight:
 And when yee cant hold up your heads,
 Our Garden ſhall afford ye beds.

AN EPI TAP H.

Upon Oliver O dead drunk.

H erelys a Lyon, and a Lamb,
 Sweet, and savage, wilde and tame yet,
 Courteous, carelesse, Poore, and proud,
 Man, and no man: Little, and lowd:
 Childrens May game; fine, forlorne,
 Courtiers comfort: Companions scorne,
 Kind, and curish, would ye know
 Who I m and ty, Oliver O,
 That companion base and boor,
 Sets and Rides with the Sun:
 Thus in brief his exercis.
 He pipes, dances, and hoidyes,
 And when passing we can tell
 For he rings, our hown knell.

Upon bis second time being dead drunk.

I oe here,
 Dead as the bere,
 Was drawn last year,
 And Coffind up,
 In a lost Cup,
 Lyes, little heart O,
 Who like a fast O,
 Did now depart O.

Twas russe,
 And with a pufse
 Out wept the snuffe,
 Alas! how soon
 Tis afternoons
 This morning bee O,
 Was companie O,
 Forsake, or mee O.

Tand rooke
Ahe Spanish smoke,
Into his pocke,
As it he meant
Sir, by consent
To tune his pipe O,
But being ripe, O,
Began to type O,
And shall to morrow morning make's approach
As quick, and lively, as the fresh abroach.

A T I

But P—O,
No more but so;
Tis Oliver O
Lets oversee
This scape for hee
The truth to tell O
Till he was mellow,
Was a good fellow;

An Epitaph upon a Weaver.

Here lies a Weaver, whom that Turk
And tyrant, death turn'd out of work.
Poore fellow he is gone, what thought?
Nee's out of bonds wculd I were so,
Alas he sold Channell ware,
By which he say'd scarce ought but gaine,
Gone, quoth hee I pray how shoulde he day?
Such gaine will drive us all away.
Well, twas a sad and suddaine change,
And yet to me tis nothing strange.
For tradling's dead, and wares will give
No price at all, how shoulde he live?

An Epitaph.

Dedicate to the Memorie of
Dr. Ed. Cook.

Uncluse your Captive bouds; what, can ye keep
Your eyes from teares, and see the Marble weep?
Burit

Burst out for shame, or if yee find no vent
For greife, yet stay and see the stomes relent,
If still you can forbear; weep then to see:
Your stupid hearts more stome, then Niebe.

On goodwife Plaine.

Here with out either welt, or gard,
Lyes goody *Plaine* in the Church yards:
Fresh in our memoryes, till the next raine,
Setle the earth againe, downe *plaine*.

On W. G.

A great swearer but little lyar,

VVill, the swearer's dead and gon,
VWhether you may gueſſe anon,
Siy hee is inheaven I dare not.
In that sacred place they ſwear not.
VWhere then? not in hell, no doulb,
For heed ſwear the devill our,
What muſt then become of him,
Does hee neither ſinck nor ſwim;
Heavens forbid, we'll judge the beſt,
And conclude his ſouls' at reſt.
Of his oathes, hee did repente him,
And his conſcience do'unt torment him.
And hee ſhall (heavens mercy crav'd)
By Gods bloud, and weſunds be ſay'd

*In memoriam Roberti Dey
Pharmacap. Norv.*

Arts Parramour is dead, that men may ſee,
Nature hath no' hold of eternitie.

O that my teares were legible that I,
 And my sad muse, might weep his elegie!
 Nor wiche, in sorrows weeds attend his urne,
 It not for him; yet for your owne sakes mourne.
 Remember citizens, yee us'd to fly
 To sue out your reprieves from death, to Dy:
 Whose salutiferous magazine of artes,
 Was your chiche *Sanctuary* against deatl's darts.
 There, feeble nature in a trice might be,
 Arm'd against all diseases Cap ays.
 But hee is gone, and in a good old age,
 Tooke his calme *Exit* of a turbulent stage:
 His death as harmelss as his birth, from whence
 His years were crownd with double innocence;) good
 Whilst wee, (for so perhaps heavens have thought
 Are left, to write our stories in our bloud.
 Time's syth hath wounded him, but hee hath got
 Such *semper vivum*, as hee feeleth not.
 With faith, hope, charitie, & contrition
 He made up his *Celestiall composition*,
 And with an *uncleas* name hee mixt & Roll,
 Of *Gratia dei* for his wounded soule:
 Now his thread yeilded to the *Sisters* knife,
 For *Aqua-vitæ* hee drinkest water of life.
 Much might unto his prayses spoken be,
 And only this one truth; namely that hee,
 Even Dey, the true Apothecary was,
 All that are left, are but synoyma's.

To the perpetuall memory of my ever
 honoured Cozen Mrs E. H.

Under this sad marble lyes,
 Natures pride, and beauties prize.

Such, so sweet her accents were,
As would charme a Syrens care;
Such her modest mode as shee
Taught the turtle charitie,
In summe a more verious wife,
Never sweetend husbands life.
To conclude then, all was shee,
Man could wish, or woman be,
Who lyes here, like treasure found
Not above but under ground.

*A Legacie to V.R.BANIA
an un worthy Cittie.*

Citty ingrate, nay worse, but Ile include,
All your good nature, in ingratitude.
Wellfare your costly swordes which now yee wou'd
As faine encrimson in my innocent bloud.
As ere yee wisht m' Crucifige accept you; ab! your
Hosanna cry, and bosenecha too:
Is it in this; in this, I pray, I wrong yee
To spend my selfe, and my estate among yec?
If weary steps to make your Citty flourish,
If head, if heart, if Purse employ'd to nourish
Widows distrest, and orphans be a crime,
Grant heaven no worse offence take up my lime,
Bark on black mouthed envie, yee as loone,
Affright mee, as the Syrian wolves, the moone:
Nor doe I envie those, have sought with cost,
The honourable trouble, I have lost:
Lord fill my heart with thanks, my mouth with praise
My haires may yet see halcyon dayes.
God guards mee still, though I've no swordes t
t'davance,
Though no fine cap, God is my maintenance.

maine

In Honorem Poetarum.

WHese poore conceit is that
That Poets should be poore?
They talk they know not what,
Alas! they wish no more,
They have Enough in that they see
Content is worth a monarchy.

Do not the sacred Nine,
Come daily to their houses,
And break their fast, and dine,
And sup, and soop carouses?
Who calls them poore then, that are able,
To feast the Muses at their table?

Yee go to Poets, when
Your dearest friends be dead,
They give them life agen
Though they be buried:

Tis strange then, Poets should not live
That thus can life to dead men give.

Yea all the world must know,
Save those to truth averse,
The swaine was taught to plow,
By Virgils fertil verse.

Tis strange then, he should needy be,
Found out the art of Husbandry.

✓ Riplie was rich I trow,
Whose Poems did enfold
That which men hunt for soe,
The art of making Gold:
He had the Phylesophick stone,
Sure hee, must then be riche, or none.

Yes

Yes, do not all men say?

Poets dare any thing;

Pray was not noble May.

Calld brother by a King?

Nor is it more then true report,

Sasyrick lines have hang'd a sort.

Euridice could tell

That being ravisht hence,

Bald Orpheus ransackt hell,

And rescu'd her from thence.

Yea verses so Magnesick are,

They fetch the Moon down from the speare.

Nor have they only power,

But gifts of prophesie,

The most celestiall dower,

Heavens give mortalitie.

Sure then they can't want costly Cates,

Being *Oracles and Potentates.*

They that have most, still itch

For more, more baggs to stiffe,

VVhilst they are only rich,

Can see they haue enuffe;

How poorly fools of Poets prate?

Come, they are poore, whom God doth hate?

Princeps; & Vates non quovis nascitur anno.

Man.

WHat time Jelovah heaven, & earths *Creator*
Had fully finisht the world vast Theater,
He brings up Man, and gives the world to see,
His custoys art, in their Epitome:

VVhich

VVhich but in man, he in no creature would.
 They but of Simple, hee of Compounde mould:
 They but of bodyes only doe consist,
 In man a bodie, and a soule coniist;
 His bodie his base part, earth repreſents,
 His heaven-breathd soule, earth's soule, the elements
 The ingredients of the world are water Aire,
 Earth, fire, ſuch man's ingredients are.
 Your leave, And thus the ſemblance I rehearſe,
 Betweene the great and little Universe.

His head's orbicular, like the circular ſkies,
 Whose lamps meet riuals, in his orient eyes;
 And as tis heaven moft like, tis heaven moft neare,
 Reason ſwayes her maſtiffest ſcepter there;
 That divine guest that makes a man, thence all
 The ſenses borrow their originall;
 And as their ſole and ſupreme court, repaire,
 To maniſt their virtues in that chaire.
 Nor may I here forget that comely front,
 That ſo surprises all that looke upon; r
 Thoſe lovely lineaments, thoſe goodly graces,
 Attend the ſweets of well proportioned faces;
 What wonders nature in his tongue commences,
 The instruments of delicious ſenses?
 Which wee beyond expreſſe oftentimes, refresh,
 With reprodiſes from that ſmall filme of flesh.
 How right heres Pan and phœbus! whilſt our eares
 Are partiall t wixt our voyces, and the ſpheares:
 Some time tis full, and makes his voice as loud,
 As thundring roaring from the shattered cloud.
 But let's goe downward with his heires and ſee
 How it does with the piles of gracie agree;
 The number well concurſes, in eachwee ſee
 The numerouſe foot ſteps of a deitie;
 Both the effect of moisture; who ſeekes
 The Rose, or Lillie, they ſo blow in his cheeks;

Nay

Nay what can you present, but hee commands,
The lively transhape, from his Protean handes?
His bloud is like the streams that to, and fro
Turning, and winding are, the center through:
Should I here swell my story, to present
The office of each chord, each ligament,
The Nerves, the tendons, and the Arteries,
My life would be too short to finish these.
Nay there's no member, but in it I see
A theame of wonder to eternitie.

And yet this body wee can't prayse enuffe,
Compare it with the soule ti's fordid stuffe:
Ther's not such difference, t'wixt the sorrie case,
And Jewell; t'wixt the mask, and the faire face:
God made mans body after all the rest
Add after that inspir'd the soule the best:
The body from the earth the dust, ascends,
The incompounded soule from God descendest:
Tis not the flesh, but in the soule, that wee
Assume the image of the deitie.
The bodie's subject to mortallitie,
The soul part of the living God can't dye.
Natures appointed time of change revolves,
And it into his elements desolves;
His native heat does to the fire repaire,
Water to water breath unto the aire.
The bones, and parts that are more solid must
Lye prisners till they render dust to dust;
Meane time the soul, her native station keeps
In heaven, whilst nature in her causes sleepes.

A Guesse at H E L L.
Par nulla figura Gebennæ.

ACursed *Topheth* ! how shall I define,
 This dismal dungeon, this sad Cell of thine:
 So dark, so duskie, so devoid of light,
 How shall I see to draw thy picture right?
 VVhat Colours shall I grinde? Colours (said I)
 Thou art all black, black as *Proserpines* Eye;
 Deep, & declive, beneath the dead Sea is
 In a blinde hole, this thy all black Abyss.
 Thy pitchie Pallace, wher the chearly Sun
 Nec comes, as out of his commision:
 Nor lends the Moon so much as one odd night,
 To qualifie thy darknesse, with her light,
 VVhich we but sleep by ? No, nor all the yeare
 Does one small flare on thy dark front appeare;
 Thou blackest Moore ; ask but thy *Dazzas* traine?
 Their tub rath tells thee thou art labour in vains
 Goe ask *Ixion*, else, or him whose stome
 Gathers no mosse, they all conclude in one.
 Theu the true *Negro* art, and *Patentee*
 Of utter shades, there is no night but thee:
 The darknes the *Egyptians* felt, was but
 A type of thine, and but too fairely cut:
 Tyrannous *Tullian*, how thy tract is tred?
 To *Baalzibub*, knight of the black red;
 Whose haggie haire, curlis into snaky torts,
 More terrible then poore reports:
 His ghastly, yea his gristic looke, is such
 My lense tolakee mee, if I thinkes on much:

Ms.

His hornes, the pitch fork is, where with he turnes
 Those broyling Scelerons, he ever burnes
 In flames that never shall be quencht, but bark,
 I talk of flames, and yet I call Hell dark!
 Flames I confess there are, but black, not bright,
 Yea there is fire, and yet no fuelight:

Fowle feind ! thy nose is like a Comet, or
 The rayle, of some prodigious Meteor.
 Well may it serve thee for thy red hot putt,
 VVherewith thou dost thy stinging sulphur stirre;
 Thy shooey Eybowes, are as black as coales,
 Smoakt with thine eyes, that flame like Oven hales
 Meane while the Corners where fresh Brimstones
 lies,

Pretend a yellow Jandyle in thine eyes.
 But 'tis the black, the black (fiend) is thy griese,
 But thy disease admitts of no relief.
 Thy mouth like raging ~~sea~~ vomits fire,
 The furious flakes of thy unflak't desire,
 As much attractive, and as mercille, as
 The 7 times hotter headed surface was.
 Thine armes are hideous scyters, that embrasse
 Those monuments of miserie whose sad case
 Thou do'st not p'ittle, though though seem'st
 while,

To weep upon them, like the ~~Crytadile~~.
 Have you not heard of smoaking Sodom ? such
 His breath's , But Sodoms smoak's not half so much.
 His eynes are steknes of sulphur : His loud Jung
 His bellows; And his hideous hands his tonges;
 His black, and melancholly bloud contains
 VVorse venome, then ere lurk in Cetaceus veines.
 And by his cloven foot, 'tis plainly showne,
 His Kingdom run's upon Division.

These are his titles: The Unfeathom'd Gauſe,
 The Roaſing Lion, And the Raging Woölfe.
 The Wild beaſt of the Forrest, The Annoyir
 Of Christian liberty, The Deftroyer.
 The Mortall Enemy of all man kinde,
 By these and ſuch like tearmes is he defindis;
 Father of Faſhgod, Feeces of the Cup
 Of Condemnation, who can ſumme thee up?
 Or ſet thee forth, No hand can ere effect it,
 Unlesſe that hand, that captiv'd thee, direct it.
 Erueher Eſign on thy front displaies,
 And like the Basilisk at diſtance flayes
 Thy Nole ſleep as the Alges parts two ſleep Callis.
 On this ſide, Hatred: That ſide Malice dwells.
 And cauſe ſuch beauty ſome preservatives akeſe,
 Shame and Conuulfion are thy conuant masks,
 But leaſt my Charkole fail to finiſh thee,
 Thou art the form; of all deformity.

As for thy vassalls, thus begin their evills:
 Their entrance ſtraiſt transforms them into Devils
 Their entertainment will be ſuch, as they
 Shall ſee to death, But death will flye away:
 Hard are their hap, ſo vainly thall implore
 A deadly requiem, at death's deaſned dore.
 The tortuous worme, that gnawes their conſciences
 Doe's like Prometheus vultur never ceſſe
 Curses are all their hymmes: Their parched
 throates,
Cant Letbrymæ in lamentable notes;
 Their Djitties, blaſphemies, ſertiſchin their graines
 Howling their tune, whose burthen greife sustaines
 With ſighs, and ſobs, gnashing their teeth, they
 run
 Their dolefull deſcant, and diſſion:
 Well knew our Saviour, ſugges had eſtisſe
 When he pronounc'd his birth infortunate:

Alas!

Alas! these sufferings are insufferable,
 Yet must be borne, although they be not able;
 Sad is the strength, that is but lent us, to
 sustaine the Atlas of a greater woe.
 Of fables fond, and foolish, Poets tell,
 That Hercules went, and return'd from Hell.
 Well might he goe, but if he ere return'd
 To tell his neareyall: Who be bound'd.
 Hee that comes to this place, he must discusse
 His Exit, with a stouter Cerberus.
 Alcides night, and Orpheus mirth, must faile,
 They can not gainst the gates of Hell preuale.
 No hope of by eaking out the Dungeons deep,
 And the vast wall, tyrann is, is neceasur'd.
 Yet grant it sealable, there's a dreadfull Mote,
 Nine times surrounds it, that will bear me doate.
 Son, such a Gulph twixt thee, and mee, doth flow
 Thou canst not hither, nor we thither gue.
 Despaire, and dye, hope no revocative day,
 Since thou art banisht into Scythia.
 Yee that drink the worlds Lethe, forget God,
 See here his Scorpions, and his flaming rod.
 Yee jested with edg'd tooles since Moses hee le
 Was lead: But Justice hath a hand of steel,
 Depart saies Christ, depart wretch from my sight,
 Into the bosome of confused Night.
 Hurry him hence: Head long him down beneath,
 To the black vally of eternall death.
 Think not wretched I command thy Curtaines close,
 To apt thine eyes to a more sweet repose:
 No in Hells hard servic'd Centinells, must keep
 Continuall watch, and never, never sleep.
 Nor be receiv'd: No Cyprian lullabies,
 Shall be of power to charm their damned eyes.
 Think now, profanest liver, Do but think,
 How thou of this so bitter Cup, wilt drinke:

Call

Call in thy thought and but consider well
 And tell me now, but what thou thinkst of Hell !
 Didst thou lye waking on a bed more soft
 Then downe, pluckt from the Raven's plume, how
 oft
 Wouldest thou wish morning ? ringing for the
 light.
 Though bed-tid, but a poor Cymmerian night :
 Think then how thou wilt soile thy restlesse head,
 Where everlasting burning is thy bed.
 Think then I say of their accurst condicione,
 Whose misery shal have no intermission:
 This is that bitter draft, whose dire dregs be
 The limits of these woes, Eternity.
 Here I break off, should I proceed to tell
 What thou hast lost that were another Hell.

— In ultima tanti
 Meta furoris adfici.

A glimiring glimpse of Heaven.

Heaven ! Lord what's that ? Is it that heap of
 treasure ? Or that sweet of pleasure
 The worldling bugs so ? Or that sweet of pleasure
 So idoliz'd ? Is it that glorious pufie
 Of Honour, where with men mere swell enuffe :
 Or is it beauty, whole Celestiall fire,
 Blowes up that ~~flame~~ of the worlds desire ?
 Yet it else in Revenge that sweet, sweet ease,
 Of injuries ; Noe, noe, tis none of these,
 For wealth, alas ! bath wings, and all the rest
 Are vanity at best.
 What is it then ? earths wide-streatcht Canopic
 The glittering surface of the ambient skie ?
 Is it the Sun ? that glorious globe of light
 Or his bright companion, Empyre of the night.

Noe, none of these, we must ascend a steepest ston.
Two stories higher, than our eyes, and there
O there this Heaven of heaven is, But first I
Er'e I can tell you, what it is, must dye.

In vaine for Heaven is darkling groap about,
I can not see't, untill these eyes be out.

Eyes have not seen, nor hath man mortall eare
Heard of the joyes, the joyes of joyes are there,
Nor hath it enter'd into th' heast of man,
Tis too angust, ah ! tis too small a span.

To entertain't, we must perforce decline it,
Heaven were not Heaven, Could best , and bloud

define it,

Grant, O my God, that I not being able
To wade thus deep, make not Heaven ficht stable.

But loe! the sacred spirit here, descends
Unto our understanding, and commends
This inexpressive paradise, and even
As it were by reflection shewes us Heaven.

Which he a sumptuous City calls, Built on
And by Christ Jesus the true corner stone,
Not made with hands, the City is fower Square,
East, West, North, South Gates Equidistant are.

Length, heighr, bresdth, depth, do all conspire to be
The uniforme of perfect Symetrie.

Twelve gates there are of most magniscent state,
Made of twelve Pearles, Of every Pearl a Gate,

And as twelve gates of twelve rich Pearles; where
Twelve rich foundations, of twelve gemmes appear.

The Sardus, Saphir, and the Sardonic,
The Topas, Jasper, and Jacynt are six.

The Berill, Emerald, and Chaledonit,
Chrysoprasus, Ambris, and Chrysolite;

Make up the four times thre, whose sparkling light
Banish all possibility of night.

The stately Armes, all shone as ye pale,
Are pav'd with Gold, transparent as pure glasse.

Through

Through which, the silver streams of life eddye,
 Their Christal Currents, whilst in such array,
 On either side this glittering Tary stand
 The trees of life, whose boughs bow to the hand,
 There's neither Sun, nor Moon in that bright
 spheare,
 Hee that dont them their light binde life shines
 there,
 There's none that watch nor none that guard
 reliyes,
 What need there? since there's neither night, nor
 dayes,
 Theres nothing grieves, no being all amoy,
 Darkness and Death, are strangers in that Court,
 Envy, Backbiting, Malice, and Disgrace,
 Sorrow and Sackefte, dwell not in that place,
 Without are dogs, nothing that is uncleane
 Hath any part, in that Celestiall Scene.
 But Meeknesse, Faith, and joy, and Cordiall loue,
 Such are the stantes, in that bright orb that move,
 There they for ever feast their Eyes on thee,
 On whom ooe glance, eternall life would be
 How shall I hope sufficently to adyre
 Those living powers, in thy Celestiall quire?
 Those thouland thousands that attend upon
 The radiant throne, of thy all glorious Sonne?
 Angells, Archangells, Cherubins, and Thrones,
 Amazing Seraphins, and Dominions?
 Which in thy highest presence alwayes sit,
 Enjoying happiness next to infinite,
 Any of which descending from his Glory,
 Would extacy, and kill us with his glory.
 Here close your lids, my daring eyes, leue yee,
 Where angells hide their faces, be too free,
 Lord how I teach, and coigne vnto you the heauen,
 Whilke I am ever of mind, chayrelyf bereavyn?

O take
dayes

take these fetters! take these clogs from me; 2
take these scales from thine eyes, that I may see
Thy tabernacle, Thy Hierusalem;
Yet thou heavens Monarch, hast prepar'd for
them

That love, and feare thee; Ah me! when shall I
Come and appere before thy Majestie?
VWhere er thou beest, let me but see thy face;
I'le ask no other heaven, no other plact;
If thou distend into th' abyse below,
My soule shall wish no other heaven to know;
VWhere thou art, heaven is: 'tis not the resort
Of Courtiers: But the King, that makes the
Court.

Thus have I taken paines, to shew ye that
VVhich is, I must confess, I know not what.

M. Moore Field.
T_His afternoon I met the tribe of Gad,
Running through Bedlam as they had been mad
Shuffling and Shouldring at so strange a rate,
As if they strove to enter the strait gate.
VVhereat seeing the confus of the traine of hell
I could not choose but mark their sightes Lasse,
And down the strem making my brakes, my Oares
I row'd so, Moore fields, where I found there whores
Gentle, and simple, then a man would meet,
Either in Turn hall, or in Turn up street
Setting and Silk, and Peicous brocado
Marcht like an Amazonian armado,
Furious as your French troops, scarce ere a wench
But by her out side, shew her inside French.

Some

*Upon the sickness, and recovery of
a faire and fairely promised*

L A D T.

B ut hadst thou Death such hopes alive,
Thy sute could ever thrive,
In flatt'ring her
T her Sepulher,
From her approaching bridall bed,
Alas! thy hopes are dead.
Dead as thy selfe
Unwelcome else,
But would you faine forestall, forsooth
The sweets of bloomy youth?
Your sute is cold
And you too bold.
Suffice it long time hence that thine
Bath in her aged snow,
Couldst thou her send
To thy dark bed?
Her orient Eye would shoot a ray
Should make thy midnight day;
As though the Sun
Did thither run,
And all his rutilous Jewells set
In that close Cabinet.
Then should mournin
See joyes morning;
Then palest ashes should revive
And Death be made alive.
Whilst we, blindfwee,
It wee would see.

Must all our light Cymmerian like,

From stinie busomes strike;

But thanks to Heaven,

Death is bereaven:

The Eclipse is past, and beauties light

Ha's banisht dead of night.

See, see the love,

Of heaven above,

For we have here Gods blessings got

And the warme Sun to boot.

O let us now

Low as earth bow;

And gratesfull sacrifices give,

To him that here said, let her live.

To a Gentleman desiring mee to write a
Paper of Verses upon his sitting
whilst the Painter was
drawing his Picture.

And Poet too? must you your figure see
In silent, and in speaking poetic?
I could admic this double task, in case
You had like *Janus* too a double face.
Say, is it your desire? whilst he does take
Your superficiall lineaments, I should make
Your vertues image? Is it this you mean?
I must like *Momus* have a Casement then,
Or feare you men will say you are a creature,
Narcissus like in love with your own feature?
And therefore have the Painter to produce,
A colour: And the Poet an excuse:

Come

Come be adv iſd by mee, go to your wife,
He warrant you your Picture to the life.
Here you compose your countenance, And ſet
Whilſt i may be ſhee's drawing your counterfeit.
Come the true way of lively like commanding
Is never done by fitting, But by flanding.

*Perſ. —— Pictoribus atque Poetis
Quidlibet audiendi ſemper ſuit aqua poterat.*

To an impudent Scold that perpetually bannts
her Husband, and not only abuſeth
him but what ſoever Com-
pany is with him.

Woman (but may I call the ſo, and not
Forfeit that diſtle judgment I have got?
Is't not enough y're ugli, but beside
Your ill ſhape you muſt be ill quality'd?
I had ſuppole that ſuch a one as you
Whose face a winning feature never knew
A woman (if that appellation may
Be yet allow'd) made of the courfieſt clay:
And of a fabrick ſo imperfect as't
Is well conſtruſed nature was in haſt.
I had ſuppole I ſay, that ſuch a bruit,
Had cauſe more then enough to have been mute
At leaſt ſhee ſhould iſ ſhee had ſilence broke,
With Balams Aſſeſbut once, and wiſely ſpoke.
But you unlock the thunder of your voice,
And twenty Iron Mills make no more noyſe;
Vhen you begin the clamour of your prate
You make the gabulous rour at Billingſ-gate.

Mute as their Fish: VVere you my wife forsooth,
I should lock up the Barn-doores of your mouth.
Or ferret-like, low't up, 'My wife said I?
Some Planet first dispatch me from the skie.
I de ransack beds of clay, and light upon
The Devill in a new fal lne skeleton.
Or what in man, or Hells invention worse is
Them think of the, Of thee thou curse of Curses.
O wretch thy Husband, O unfortunate.
I drownc mine Eyes in sorrow for his fate.

I finde in story an enchanted Lasse
All day a Hagge: All night an angell was
His luck poor man is worse, for meeting you
Hee's haunted with a Hagge day and night too:
For when abroad in this sad plight he goes
Seeking some corner to unbearc his woes;
You follow him hot feor, and rang e about
Beating all bushes till you finds him out.

And when hee once but in your sight apperes,
You spend, And with full cry confound his eares,
And ours too, who admire what you intend him
VVhether to bait him, or to apprehend him.
Thus like Ateon with affrights hedg'd round
Hee flyes the furie of his owne feirce hound.

We know your language you Tartarian whore
That use to play bo-peep at Tavern dore.
Peaking for pimping rascalls, and when ere
Yon feare discover y, what's my Husband here?
Thus you obstreperous strumpet, Thus you must
Make your poore Husband cloak fot your base lust.
Come, come, the proverb yet did never faile,
They that are quick of tongue, are quick of taile.
And I too plainly see, (though I am loth
To be too publick) you are quick of both.
Ile b last you with contempt if ere you come
To ask for Husband henceforth in my rooms.

And

And teare your tongue from roofe and roots if ere
 I heare againe, What is my Husband here.
 And to the Company speake a word unsmeet
 Wee'l kick you through the Gantlet of our feet.

G 3 The



THE
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95	Upon the sicknesse, and recovery of a faire and fairly promised Lady	119
d, 10	To a Gentleman desiring me to write a paper of verses upon his sitting whilst the Painter	131
97	was drawing his Picture:	132
ch a	To an impudent Scold that perpetually banishes her Husband, and not only abuses him, but what soever Company is with him:	
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